DELIGHTFUL and INGENIOUS

NOVELS:

Being Choice and Excellent

STORIES of AMOURS,

Tragical and Comical.

Lately Related by the moſt Refin'd Wits.
Under Borrowed Names.
With INTERLUDES between each Novel.

VIZ.

I. The Lucky Throw, Or, A Wife by Chance

II. The Fruſtrated Intentions. Or Love Martyrdom.

III. The diſtreſſed Traveller. Or, Fortune at laſt.

IV. The Generous Gallant, Or, The Intrigues of Love.

V. The Unhappy Counterfeit. Or, Fortunate Gipſy.

VI. The Champion of Honour. Or, Vertue Preſerv'd.

Entred according to Order.

LONDON, Printed for *Benjamin Crayle* at the *Lamb* in *Fleetſtreet*, next *White-Friers Gate*. 1685.

The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

Courteous Reader,

THou art here presented with a Novell Banquet, which in the pleasantness and Variety of the Subject, and the several Comical and surprizing Circumstances, I am confident will be no less Grateful to Thee than I intend it. I must confess, the Critical Palats of the Age have been too much Nauseated with lean and Jejune Discourses of this Nature, especially when the Regalio has been prepared by unskilful Hands; But this being both the Business and Diversion of a Person eminent at Court for Wit and Parts; I dare Promise Thee that Polynant Relish, which will not Cloy but satisfie the most Curious or the

severest Judge. These ensuing Histories were writ by a Worthy and Learned Pen, at the Request of some Gentlemen and Ladies, and now Publish'd from his own Manuscript, that the more Ingenious Part of the World may share in that Recreation, which was at first design'd for the private Entertainment of some Persons of Honour. The Stories are here told under feigned Names, that we might preserve that Respect and Reverence due to their Title and Grandeur.

But I shall no farther inhance thy Expectation of the following Treatise; An Invitation is Civil and Modish, and so far I only offer it, though I do not Question but every Guest will meet with a Dish will give him some obliging Gusto.

B. C.

THE INTRODUCTION

THe *Noble* Melintus, *whose Arms abroad had been no less successful than his Amours at Court, the one Rendring his Name equally terrible to his Foes, as the other did his Person, Lovely to those Beauteous Ladies his Generous Addresses had Acquainted him with; On a sudden forsook the Court, and Sigh'd away his bitter Hours in a Solitary Retirement. When the News was Spread, the Noble* Melintus *was withdrawn, it Rais'd a Wonder in all; His own Merits having Gain'd him more then Ordinary favour from his Prince, and his Courtly presence, and Obliging Mean Won a respect from all that knew him. The Count his Uncle more particularly Enquired the Reason of his present discontent, from whom at length with much difficulty, he Forced a dis-*

covery. I muſt, my Lord, (*ſays* Melintus) Bleſs that Happy Minute when firſt I ſaw the Matchleſs *Corinna*, and Curſe the Severity of my Stars whoſe kinder Influence ought to have given Her more conſtancy, or me leſs concern, for that Loſs, I now but in vain Lament, Shee's gone! My Lord, Shee's loſt to Me for ever! My hated Rival now Surfeits with delights in thoſe Curling Armes I once thought mine; Every kiſs he takes is a Bleſſing ſtoln from Me, nor has He Honour enough to pity, but Scorns, laughs at my Miſeries, and with the Memory of my ſufferings, whets his Cloyd Appetite to freſh Enjoyments, Melintus *would have proceeded, but the Count having now the true Cauſe of his Melancholy, choſe rather to divert his Paſſion then Encourage it by a further diſcourſe upon the ſame Unhappy Subject; And like a ſubtle Rhetoritian with undiſcerned Charms, led his heed'eſs Auditor wide from his preſent Theme of Sorrow, to a more Soft and Comi-*

cal

cal Entertainment : And when he took leave promis'd to send Geronto, *his old witty Companion, and some others of his Friends, both Gentlemen and Ladies, the next Afternoon to Visit him; Whose facetious Humours, and pleasant Conversation would divert his Melancholy, and prove the most powerful Cordial to recover a dispairing Lover. Accordingly the next day,* Geronto, Lysander, Florimel *and* Aurelia, *went over to* Barn-Elms, *where* Melintus *had for some days past Conceal'd himself, that he might more luxuriously Indulge his discontented thoughts free from the Trouble of Ceremonious Visitants. No sooner had they saluted* Melintus, *whose Cloudy Forehead spoke the present Anguish of his Soul; But in came* Parmenio *and* Philotas, *each leading his Mistress, the fair* Evadne *and Beautifull* Theodosia. Melintus *was not a little Surpriz'd to see his Friends Crowd in so fast upon him, when* Geronto (*their Mutual Civilities being past*) *began to Rally* Melintus *with such sharp Excursions as his*

great

great Wit had alwayes priviledg'd him to at Court, and his Intimate acquaintance might now more freely Challenge from his Friend, the little bickerings with Repartees being over, in which the Ladies, especially Florimel, *loſt no advantage, they fell upon more Compoſ'd Diſcourſes, and as nothing could be more agreeable to the Company, nor any Subject more proper then that of Love,* Geronto *whoſe Talent was great that way, firſt broke the Ice, and began with this Harangue,*

NOVEL the First.

By GERONTO.

A Gentleman, younger Brother of a very good Family in the Weſt of *England*, having had the advantage of a Liberal Education at the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, left thoſe happy Walls, eſteeming that ſort of Collegiate Impriſonment too narrow for his more aſpiring and ambitious Thoughts, which now began to feel the heats of Love, and Warmer deſires of attaining that pitch of Honour and Reputation his Anceſtors had Arrived to. Having thus taken leave of his Studies, he return'd into the Countrey to receive the plentiful proviſion his Father had by Will aſſigned him, which amounted to 4000 li. on which foundation (tho' Inconſiderable to what his elder Brother enjoy'd) he doubted not to raiſe as Subſtantial a fortune by his Induſtrious Improvement as his Birth-right had deny'd him: With this Intention, knowing the Barren Soyl of a Countrey

Life, was not ſo fit to accompliſh his deſigns as the more fruitful emploiments that attende I a Court and City, he repaired to *London*: But bri:ging with him a Temper too Generous to Flatter, and too Gentile to Cozen, he quickly found without the firſt he muſt expect no preferment at Court, and wanting the Second it was Impoſſible to advantage himſelf amidſt a Crowd, whoſe only patrimony was their craft. In the midſt of theſe Thoughts he had often reſolv'd to return to themore innocent diverſions of the Countrey; But finding himſelf intangled in his Affairs, and engaged in the acquaintance of the Town Gallants, who at firſt had inſenſibly wrought him into their Society, by thoſe Nets and Subtletys they Spread to catch the heedleſs and Unwary; And being ſoftned by the charms and allurements of the fairer Sex, to whoſe Viſits he was every day enticed, he found it impoſſible to diſcharge himſelf of theſe Inconveniences, tho' he had before his Eyes the moſt diſmal proſpect of miſery, and inevitable Ruine of his Fortunes which now began to conſume apace, and in three years time the whole Treaſure was quite Exhauſted. His Companion, who had ſo often been reliev'd by his Generous kindneſs were ſo far from pitying or Aſſiſting him in theſe diſtreſſes, that like the Summer

Birds,

Birds, they left his Winter'd Quarters to seek a Spring in some warmer Climate, without the least Gratitude or kind remembrance of those Lavish kindnesses with which they had been so often refresh'd? In this Condition, Repentance, the usual Comerade of distress, presented her wrinkled Face to the poor undone Youth, and brought into his Thoughts his former miscarriges, but with all left him destitute of any obliging Clue to Extricate himself from the Labyrinth his follies and Misfortunes had Insnar'd him in. How ready he then was to curse the Influence of those Starrs that frown'd at his Birth, and Rais'd in his own Breast an Enemy against himself; To blame his past Improvidence, and all the Obliquityes of his former Conduct; They can best Judge who have seen and known how few Friends adversity affords, and how the pleasures of former prosperity are the bitterest Ingredients of present Calamity.

In this deplorable Estate after that by renew'd sollicitations he had wearied all his Friends, Poverty began to grow Shamefull, his wonted Embroideryes were now worn into Rags, the Treats and Regalios' with which he had tired out the day, and Stole from the Hours of Rest to Solace himself with, now Tantaliz'd his present Hunger; His Beds of Down and softer

Companions of Nightly Amours, were now no more, a Numerous concourſe of Dunns with their Loud Alarms broke his Reſt, and like Hornets with their Stinging Demands perpetually tormented him, and he who but a little before was the Court and admiration of every Flattering Sycophant, is now their Scorn and Laughter. Inſtead of his Livery'd Attendants, the Staff Officers watch his Steps, and nothing but the infamy of a Priſon and the Gripes of penury, are the thoughts with which he Entertains himſelf; So that being forc'd to the utmoſt Extremity, he reſolv'd rather with the Prodigal, to return to his Fathers Houſe, than feed upon Husks amongſt the *London* Swine; To which End, having Raiſ'd as much Money as the remains of his Moveables would pledge for, he began his Journey for the Weſt, hoping his Friends would Commiſerate his indigent Condition, however one Bleſſing he was ſure of, to be out of the Noiſe and Clamour of his Ravenous Creditours. His Money being ſhort he was forc'd to Travel on Foot, nor had he hopes it could carry him to his Journey End, but reſolving to truſt his better fortune he ſet forward; And having Travelled three dayes ſaw the laſt penny diſpoſed of. The Evening now drew on apace, and he found himſelf Extreamly

treamly wearied, no proſpect of a Town to lodge at, or Money to pay for't, or other neceſſaries he had occaſion for, going heavily on under ſo great a load of trouble and diſcontent, and pondering with himſelf, if it was altogether impoſſible for the wit of Man to find out a Remedy for theſe preſent Evils, lifting up his eyes, at a diſtance eſpied a Countrey Village half a Mile before him, which as ſoon as he had overtaken, he ſate down under a Hedge which belong'd to a Neighbouring Houſe, to conſider what courſe to take to relieve his preſent want: Upon this Hedge there were ſeveral pieces of Linnen hung out to dry, and tho' it was now late in the Eveniag, yet ſuch was their Security and ſo great the Honeſty of thoſe Countrey Hobs, that they fear'd no filching hand to Thieve them away; the full Moon which with her Silver Beams ſupplyed the Brightneſs of the Golden day, diſcover'd the Temptation to him, nor could he obſerve any Perſon near to Guard the Hedge: But being never uſ'd to Steal, he was very loth to begin now, nor was he leſs Averſe to Beg; But urg'd by his extremities he was about to bear away ſome of the Linnen, when putting his Hand into his Pocket he found a pair of Dice; Are you here ſtill? ſaid he, here ſtill? To torment, but not aſſiſt Me! Oh

base and bewitching Tools, the Wisemans scorn Charms to the fool, and Panders to the Knave! here still; To refresh my Memory how you Ruin'd and deceiv'd Me! I have heard amongst your friends you have been Stil'd, the substance of hope, the miserable Mans last relief, and is it possible to find one fitter to receive your favors then my self; Assist me then, and Umpire betweeen my necessity and Honesty, whilst I pursue my Intentions to play fairly with this Hedge for the Linnen it is Cloathed with, and less needs then my dissressed Shoulders, which want a Covering. Yet am I resolved, if you cross my hopes, I will yet be Just to my Losses and pay what you decree against me, and if you strip me I shall then forswear your Assistance for the Future, and trust my self Naked to the Charity of well disposed Christians. from whom I will hope for that good fortune and Reasonable relief which you deny me.

Come then and lets try the Chances; Here Mr. Hedge, my Hat against that shirt: 7 is the Main, have at it; 12, Pox ont', out at the first Throw! There't goes again, my Coat against those two Handkerchiefs and four Aprons, 6 is the Main, now 12 good Dice, or I'm undone, ha! 5 to 6, I've the worst on't, b taway, now Cater Ace, Tra Duce, what are you? Cater Duce,

Duce, the Devils in the Dice, then I muſt ſtrip, Curſe on ill Luck! But ne're be faint hearted; come, nay Breeches you muſt go to, 9 is the main, have at it: what now, Duce Ace? The Devil take all ill Luck, well, heres ſtockings and Shooes yet, whats there 8? Now good ſweet Honey. Dice be kind, Pox on't, (4) to 8, its two to one againſt me humph! Sice Duce, Iv'e loſt it, there's no hopes, Ruine is my portion, well I have nothing left now but my Shirt, and ſo farewell all; Here the Dice began to Repent, and the *Spark* won back his Clothes, and as much Linnen from the Hedge as was neceſſary to ſupply his preſent Occaſions, nor was he covetous of more, which he Pack'd up into a Bundle and Trudg'd forward, thanking his Stars for his good Succeſs. But not many paces was he gone before he was purſu'd by the Owner, (who ſtanding undiſcover'd behind a Tree was an Eye witneſs of this ſtrange Adventure,) and eaſily overtaken, by whom being queſtion'd about the Linnen, he no wayes Endeavour'd to Conceal, but Juſtified himſelf in the Fact, telling him he came honeſtly by them, and would keep them, and make good his Title before any Magiſtrate in *England*. Enrag'd with this Anſwer, the Countryman with Loud Out cryes rai'd the Neighbourhood, who paſſ'd their Cenſure

ſure, and with words and blows both threatned andpuniſhed him: In ſo much that he wasforc'd to deſire a Truce and entreat a hearing, but had he ſpoke loud as the North wind the Women would have Silenc'd him; O Rogue, ſayes One, I'm glad we have found you, now I know how my Poultrey went, which I charg'd on the more innocent Fox, 'tis you *Sirrah* had them, and you ſhall pay for them. Well ſaid, Neighbour, ſays another, let's make an example ofhim, this is the Raſcal, I believe, came abegging t'other day, and whilſt I was gathering ſticks Stole the Beef out ofmy Pot, and had like to have Raviſh'd my Daughter. Hang him: Hang him, Thief: Scolds the Chorus. He endeavour'd to lay this Storm by mild excuſes, telling them he was a Gentleman and ought to Anſwer what he had done before a Magiſtrate, all which did but the more incenſe the Rabble, who had certainly torn him in pieces, had not a Farmers Daughter, taken with his Shape and port, perſwaded her Sweet-heart *Richard* to uſe his Oratory for the Gentlemans ſafety, which he not at all Curious in, did it to this effect.

Fy, Neighbours, I think the Devil's in you, won't you hear a man ſpeak, let Me tell you, it doth not become us to be Executioners to a Thief,

Thief, that's the Hangmans Work. If he has been a Rogue let the Jaylor have him, and the Rope Throttle him, but why ſhould our Hands ſave them a labour, our Landlord's a Wiſe Man and a Juſtice, let's carry him thither, and I warrant you Mr. George *his* Clerk *will quickly take Care to ſend him where he beſt deſerves.*

Away with him, Away with him reply'd the reſt, which was no Unwelcome News to *Honorius*, (for ſo let us hencefortb call the Unfortunate Youth) hoping he ſhould find a Gentleman of thoſe Generous Sentiments, who upon the Relation of all Circumſtances would Commiſerate his Condition and aſſiſt his neceſſities, they carried him to the Houſe of a very Worthy Gentleman, to whom they repreſented the Crime with all the complaints and aggravations their Country Rhetorique could advance, entreating his Worſhip to make a publick example of ſo Notorious an Offender. To which Accuſation, the Juſtice demanded of *Honorius* what he had to ſay for himſelf; Who Replyed,

I ſhall not Worthy Sir, go about to deny or Evade what I am Charged with, as to the taking away the Goods my Accuſers Claim,

but

but as a Stranger and a Gentleman (however I appear under this disguise of habit) I humbly Entreat your Favour to hear me a few words in private, and I do not doubt but your Worship will then think me not so haineously Guilty as my Accusers would perswade you to.

The Port and demeanour of *Honorius*, together with the gracefulness of his Elocution, so far wrought upon the Justice as to dismiss the Crowd, Restoring to the party his Goods, and giving them his promises that he would take care of the Criminal.

No sooner were they departed, but *Honorius* proceeded to acquaint the Justice with his condition in every point, and how, urg'd to what he did by the force of irresistable Necessity, which he hop'd his goodness and Charity would rather pity, then punish with the Severity of Law. The Justice extreamly taken with the pleasantness of the Relation, told *Honorius* he was fal'n into such Hands as would not Injure him, rather Contribute to his Relief: But since, pursues he, you are Charg'd with a Crime of this Nature, think not but I will Inflict a punishment on you, and as your Crime is Venial, your punishment shall not exceed it.

All

All that I require of you is that you lye in my Houſe this Night, and take that Accommodations the ſame can afford you, as to my Table and Cellar, or what elſe you pleaſe to Command; Yet your Lodging muſt be in a Chamber which has been haunted for theſe three years paſt with the Apparition of a Ghoſt, and ſo frighted thoſe who have ſeen it, that no Perſon yet was ever ſo hardy to ſpeak to it. If on theſe Conditions you like to be my Gueſt, you ſhall find a hearty Wellcome and a ſupply to carry you to the place you determine. *Honorius* with a grateful acknowledgement receiv'd the offer, and humbly thank'd the Gentleman for his great favour to him, Telling him he was now doubly Oblig'd to his Misfortunes, as well that he had the Honour of knowing ſo Worthy a Perſon, as by this Adventure he might poſſibly make an Improvement in the Experimental part of *Spectriſm*, which in his younger years he had only Read at the Univerſity; Theſe and other Complyments much pleaſ'd the Juſtice, who led him into the Parlour, where wa his Wife and Daughter, a Perſon of incomparable Beauty and richly Furniſh'd with all the Ornaments of Body and Mind, to whom after he had recounted how the Gentle-

man,

man had promiſed him to lye in the Haunted Room, and ſpeak to the Ghoſt if it did appear; He order'd his Servants to prepare Supper, and in the Interim call'd for Wine to entertain the ſtranger who thought himſelf extreamly happy; The time paſſ'd away in a very agreeable Converſation, and the Juſtice was not a little pleaſ'd with the Modeſt behaviour of *Honorius*, nor did the young Lady his Daughter leſs admire his perſon, the vivacity of his Wit and the quaintneſs of his diſcourſe, which tho' ſhe endeavour'd to hide, plainly appear'd in her kind and Obliging Glances, which *Honorius* ſoon perceiv'd, and had taken further Incouragement had not the meaneſs of his preſent appearance dampt his aſpiring Thoughts. But to ſhorten the Relation, Supper was ended, and the Ladies withdrew to their Chambers, at ſuch time as the old Gentleman conducted *Honorius* to an excellent Room well Furniſhed with all things convenient and Ornamental, telling him Jocoſely. *That muſt be his Priſon for this Night, and as many more as he Thought fit.* And wiſhing him good Night, Withdrew. The Complyment was returned by *Honorius* who was well provided with Fire and Candle, and Bottles of Wine, that the Devil might have the leſs power over him. Being now alone he had leaſure to conſider his preſent Cir-

Circumſtances, when reflecting on the Beauty of the young Lady, and the kind looks ſhe beſtowed on him, he began to hope they might be the preſages of his better fortune, which now ſeem'd once again to Smile upon him. With theſe Thoughts he went to Bed not much Concern'd with the apprehenſions of what had been told him, yet not altogether ſlighting the danger he might be in, kept his Candle burning; and being ready to take the Sweets of Reſt the Clock ſtruck one, at which time the whole Houſe was very quiet, and not the leaſt Noiſe to diſturb him.

Muſing with himſelf about his preſent fortune, he thought he heard ſomething Trip along the Gallery before his Chamber, whilſt more regardfully attending he ſaw his Chamber door open, and in a Night dreſs he perceiv'd a Perſon as he thought enter and take two or three Rounds about the Room, and at length open a Cloſet door. This Apparition tho' it ſeem'd not ſo diſmally frightful, yet ſtruck him with a preſent horrour, which whilſt he was more ſeriouſly conſidering, came out of the Cloſet and took a Second walk in the Chamber, and by degrees came nearer and nearer to his Bed ſide, which he diligently obſerving, his apprehenſions of the danger grew ſtronger upon him, but taking

king courage was resolv'd to speak to it. With this intent looking stedfastly upon it, he thought he beheld the same face of the Young Lady he had seen but some few hours before, this abated his fears and Encourag'd his Resolution. Rising out of his Bed he approached it, which seem'd nothing Shy of his advance, and drawing nearer took it by the hand, which he found soft and warm, and as true Flesh and Blood as his own, and more curiously viewing the Face saw it to be the real Person of the Young Lady, whose Body wak't whilst all her Senses were fast lockt up in the profoundest Sleep. His thoughts were now again at the same puzzle between his own desires and the Ladies Honour, as before they had been between his necessity and Honesty, but the Temptation prov'd too strong for the tender Virtue of Vigorous Youth to withstand. Leading her to his Bed-side he Softly laid her down and plac'd himself by her. But here should I recount the bold Trespass of his Hands, which found nothing of a Ghost about her, or the more daring attempts of his succeeding pleasures, my own Cheeks would blush at the Confidence of my Tongue; Nor is it possible to speak the Transports *Honorius* felt, I hope your kinder Imagination will supply the defects of my Expression. It is enough, that whilst *Honorius* was

Revelling

Revelling in the midſt of that Garden of pleaſure and ſtealing the forbidden fruit, the Lady Awaked. She had now been ſenſible of thoſe delights from the obliging Embraces of her New Bedfellow, and thoſe kind Careſſes her waking fancy had preſented her with, which ſhe had never found from the Cold Arms of her confident *Sylvia*; Whilſt ſhe lay thus conſidering what this ſtrange Dream ſhould be, or if a truth, what it meant; Her Senſes being now more perfectly her own, ſhe diſcover'd her ſelf in another Bed, when hearing her Lovers excuſes and the many pardons he beg'd, She was ready to Swoon away at ſo ſtrange a Surprizal, Oh Heavens! Sayes Shee, what haſt thou done? Oh Raviſher baſe and Unworthy Gueſt; Are theſe thy acknowledgements of my Fathers kindneſs: With Charms and Philtres to bewitch my Innocency, hadſt thou no more regard to myſpotleſs honour then thus betray me to perpetual Shame and Ignominy; Deareſt Madam, replyed *Honorius*, if the Arraigned have leave to offer ought to arreſt their Sentence, by the powers of Love, by all that's Sacred to you, Fly not from me before you hear my Defence. Think not, ſweet Lady, that to Satisfie the rage of my burning luſt, or to Graſp ſuch infinite happineſs I would uſe unworthy means; Twas fortune gave you to my Arms,

Arms, and as well might the Sun diſcloſe his Summer Beams, and the Earth refuſe his Bounty, as I Shut my eyes againſt thoſe glorious Beautyes, whoſe Charms fir'd my heart, and raviſh'd all my Senſes. I ſaw you, Madam, walking in your Sleep, I ſaw your Naked Beautyes, whoſe powers even Age it ſelf tho' proud of its boaſted abſtinence could not reſiſt, and may not youth be pardon'd? If not, Let looſe your anger, wrinkle your brow into a Frown, and aſſure your ſelf it ſhall be as mortal as the moſt venom'd or pointed weapon death it ſelf makes uſe of to deſtroy the guilty; or if this puniſhment be too ſlow for your fleet Revenge, plunge a Dagger in my Breaſt, which I had rather feel then once hear the diſmal ſound o' that ſingle word, Farewel; Yours Madam, let me Live for ever, or fall this minute a welcome Sacrifice to your injur'd Fame, 'tis I, Madam, I confeſs it, that Violated your unſpotted Innocence, pure as the Mountains Snow, & Chaſt as the Winters Ice, whom if your Mercy cannot pardon, let your Severeſt Juſtice Carve a Satisfaction from this offending Breaſt. With theſe and many other the like expreſſions did the Amorous Youth ſooth the diſconſolate Lady, till at laſt, overcome with his Importunities, with Tears of Joy She embrac'd the gladded Lover, and conſented he Should live: Live then, ſayes She, and let the ſame bright witneſſer,

neſſer of your Treſpaſs and my diſhonour; hear our Marriage Vows, and ſee this Sacred Tye by which I am ever yours. — *Honorius* his beſt Expreſſions were now too poor to ſpeak the Raptures of his Soul, nor certainly was ever Bridal Night paſs'd over with greater pleaſure and delight then this between the two Enamoriſts, in ſo much that the Shrill Meſſenger of the Morn had given Notice of its approach e're their thoughts ſtray'd from their Enjoyments: But being apprehenſive of a diſcovery, which was not yet ripe for the Fathers Ear with a parting kiſs they took leave of each other, ſhe Engaging *Honorius* to make ſome excuſe to prolong his ſtay, promiſ'd to return the next night to his Bed; which he receiv'd with all the Gratitude he cou'd expreſs for ſo great a favour. The Lady was now gone to her own Chamber, and *Honorius* was at leaſure to conſider the preſent ſtate of his affairs, how his Shatter'd fortunes were now repair'd, by an Extraordinary providence, beyond all hope or Expectation. This Lady was the only Child of her Parents, and Heireſs to a very conſiderable Eſtate, and as Valuable for her Vertue, Beauty, and all other accompliſhments that might Compleat the Happineſs of a Lover, as any of her Sex. Whilſt his thoughts were imploy'd in theſe ra-

 viſhing

viſhing Contemplations, his Senſes began to tire, and he fell aſleep at the ſame time when the Juſtice and his Lady came into his Chamber, to Enquire how he had paſs'd the Night, hearing the door open he Awakened, and after he had feign'd himſelf diſcompoſ'd, he acquainted them it was a real truth the Room was haunted, and that he had ſeen a Spirit, but he ſuppoſed it came ſo far from Evil, that if ever Angels left their Heavenly abodes to come upon Earth, ſuch was this and no worſe; for tho' he had ſeen and Converſed with it, yet was he not in the leaſt affrighted, nor did its diſcourſe import any thing of harm to himſelf or the family, but what it had ſaid he had been by Sacred Vow oblig'd not to diſcover, till ſuch time as he had ſeen it again, for the too early Cock had Summon'd it back to its unknown Manſions e're it had finiſhed the Secret it came to diſcover. The gladded Juſtice embrac'd his Welcom Gueſt, and with the kindeſt words he could expreſs Himſelf, entreated his ſtay the following Night & that he would make him happy in his farther Acquaintance; Leſs powerful Oratory would have perſwaded *Honorius* to accept of that he ſo much coveted, however thankfully return'd the Juſtices Complements he ſoon after Roſe and Spent the day in the Converſation of his

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New Friends. Nor was the Lad y ever from his thoughts, or her blushes from her Cheeks, whenever she Surpriz'd his Strolling Eyes, catching Glances from hers at a distance. In short, the Second Night came, and the long expected hour of Meeting brought our Lovers to each others Arms; the Happy Minutes fled fast in their Mutual Embraces, whilst the Lazy Intervalls were Spent in contrivance how they should Gain her Parents consent to finish their Vow'd Espousals. This the Lady undertook: It was now day break when *Æmilia* retir'd to Her Chamber, and taking a convenient opportunity that Morning in private, discover'd to her Mother the whole Intrigue of her fortunes, and told her, it being usual with Her to repair to that Chamber in the day time to dress her self, and having often Spent her Hours in Reading in the Closet, being more particularly delighted with the prospect, she beleiv'd it had been Customary with Her for several years to walk thither in her Sleep, tho' it was never known till this Lucky Stranger had made the discovery. Nor did she Conceal the Important truth with all the Naked Circumstances, then praising the Generous Education and Endearing Carriage of *Honorius* beg'd her Mother with all the Pathetical Expressions of Love and tenderness, to

intercede with her Father on his behalf; which she at last promised. The old Gentleman was much Surpriz'd at the Relation and severely blam'd her unlawful Loves, but at the same time considering the Violence of his Daughters affection, and the Honour of his Family; consented to Her Wishes, and went with them to *Honorius* his Chamber, whom he Saluted his Son in Law, and soon after Ordered the Consummation of their Nuptials, which were Celebrated with all Imaginable Joy and Splendour. About a Month after, *Honorius* and his Lady in a Coach and six Horses went down to Visit his Relations, who all Congratulated his Happy fortunes, which were soon after increas'd to a very great Estate by the unexpected Death of his Elder Brother.

Geronto *having thus Finish'd his Relation the whole Company, especially* Florimel, *seem'd extreamly pleased with it; For indeed it was hardly possible for him to speak to any Subject, tho' never so mean and Trivial, but what his great Wit would always Beautify with those Charming Graces which won the constant Applause of his Auditors,*

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an Excellence peculiar to himself in which few could ever Tollerably Imitate him.

Melintus *Thank'd him for his pleasant Fancy as he call'd it, and told him a discourse of so much Mirth and Humour might have been better bestow'd for his part, Melancholy had of late so prevail'd upon him that all Comedy was as Harsh to his Ears, as the Clicking of a Death Watch to a Hoording Miser.*

But Madam says he to Aurelia, *if you please to Circulate the discourse as of Right it belongs to you, I remember a Story I have formerly had the Honour to hear you tell, which if I mistake not was Tragically Unhappy, but as it then pleas'd with the Sadness of it, I am sure it would much more now, since my Vitiated Palat Relishes nothing but what is Compounded of the bitterest Ingredients.*

Sir, *says* Aurelia, *I presume you meant the Story of* Amasius *and* Ortelia, *but I am afraid I shall unpardonably Transgress the*

Commands of my Lord your Uncle, and the paſſion of the Relation will affect you too ve'ry; Tho' who knows but Melancholy, which is only a more Natural poyſon, may be eaſieſt Expell'd by an Application of its own Temperament, however, Sir, your Commands will Apologize for me, which I thus Obey.

NOVEL the Second.

By AURELIA.

A Young Gentleman whoſe Name was *Amaſis*, the only Son of an Opulent and well known Merchant of the City of *London*, after he had been furniſh'd with a Competent Share of Learning, to Qualifie him for the ſtudy of the Law, was plac'd at the Inns of Court, where the Advantages of his Fortunes and his own Modeſt behaviour gave him a Welcom reception amongſt all his fellow Students. However after

after he had Spent two years there, his mind inclin'd to Travel, and Communicating his design to his Father, easily obtain'd his consent. After he had seen *France* and *Italy* he came to *Brussels*, and Spent about four Months in *Flanders*, and then remov'd to *Amsterdam*, where Liv'd a Gentleman who was his Fathers correspondent, and an Eminent Merchant, at whose House he was invited to Lodge during his Residence there. This Gentleman who was of considerable Estate and quality, had great Resort of Company to his House, with whom *Amasius* soon acquainted himself, his Generous conversation and affable Temper rendred him Courted and belov'd by all: He was likewise the Happy Father of three Daughters of so Incomparable Beauty that the whole Countrey could not produce their equals, nor were they less prais'd for a prudent Conduct, and Vertuous Education. With the youngest of these call'd *Ortelia*, it was the fortune of *Amasius* to fall in Love, and as if the same Loadstone had Attracted both their Hearts, the same passionate desires, warmed *Ortelia's* Breast, and tho' both of them were Shy of discovering their affections to one another, yet no opportunity was miss'd in which by all the little Arts of Obligation and

kindneſs they ſtrove to advance themſelves in each others favour, his Courtſhip was moſt particularly to her, and her regards and Eye alwayes upon him. If *Amaſius* happen'd to ſigh, *Ortelia* would turn her Face to hide her reply in the ſame Note; In this Condition for ſome Months did they live, whilſt by degrees all the diverſions of the Countrey, the Viſits of Friends, Balls and Entertainments grew Nauſeous to the Lover, and a ſetled Melancholy ſeiz'd his Spirits. This was Obſerv'd by all his Acquaintance, but particularly by the compaſſionate Eyes of tender *Ortelia*, who ſeem'd very much concern'd leaſt the ſame (probably) might be for ſome more Happy Miſtreſs he had left in *England*. Under this anxiety and diſquietude ſhe had ſuffer'd ſome Weeks, which perhaps had wrought more effectual to her diſadvantage, had not *Amaſius* one day took an opportunity when ſhe was alone in her Chamber, employ'd upon a piece of curious Needlework, wherein ſhe had drawn the little God ſmiling at a diſconſolate Lady whoſe Heart he had, newly ſtruck with one of his Feather'd Weapons, proſtrate at his Feet, as if ſhe ſeem'd by her tears and piteous looks to beg his Mercy. Taking notice of the fancy.

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Is it poſſible my deareſt Ortelia, *ſays he, you ſhould be ſuch an Artiſt in your Draughts of this God of Love, and never feel a Dart from his quiver? How know you Sir, reply'd the Fair One, but what you have ſeen may have a nearer Relation to Me then you are pleaſ'd to Imagin, and that this wounded Lady may be a proper device to repreſent my Unfortunate ſelf; That* Madam *is Impoſſible (purſues* Amaſius*) for then ſhould I view you in another poſture, I ſhould ſee you Seated on a Throne with Crowns and Scepters at your Feet, an Imperial Canopy above your Head, ſupported by admiring Angels, diſpoſing of bleeding hearts and my own amongſt the Fatal Number. Oh Fy! reply'd ſhe, you Complement me* Amaſius, *as if I were that Object of your happieſt deſires the Seas now part you from, and I cannot but believe at the ſame time you addreſs your Commendations to* Ortelia, *you intend them to one more Lovely in your Eſteem. I did not think* Madam, *replyes* Amaſius, *you was ſo much a Stranger to your own*

perfections, to believe these Eyes could be so much deceiv'd, as to place my respects on any other Object; Oh no, assure your self that if Amasius *must not be admitted to admire his* Ortelia *to steal a kiss, and Imprint his Lips on those fair Hands, to Languish at your Feet, and beg your Compassion, the grave shall have my Courtship, and for ever will I bid Adieu to all the empty pleasures on this side the Dust.*

With these and such like Courtly Expressions as opportunity would give leave, did our Enamor'd Pair pass away the Hours, and give each other the assurance of as strong and lasting an Affection as Love it self could implant in the minds of the most passionate; Nor was the same so secretly caution'd, but that the Parents of *Ortelia* took Notice of its Growth, which as they saw no reason to discourage, so neither would they give License to the continuance of it, till such time as *Amasius* his Father was acquainted with it, and they had obtain'd his consent. To which purpose the Dutch Merchant discours'd *Amasius*, telling him, that he was on his part ready to give *Ortelia* a proportionable fortune to what his Father should settle on him,

and

and was no wayes averſe to his Marriage with his Daughter. *Amaſius* with tears of Joy returnd his acknowledgements, and Entreated him by all the Endearments Imaginable, by the next Pacquet to acquaint his Father with it, and beg his leave that it might be forthwith Conſummated, this he promiſed, and accordingly did; This Letter *Amaſius*, Seconded with one of his own, wherein he deſcribed the Vertues and agreeable ſweetneſs of *Ortelia*'s temper, begging pardon that without his leave his thoughts had been fixt upon her, which he believ'd were directed by the Hand of providence, and deſign'd by Heaven for the Eſtabliſhment of his future happineſs. The Father was well pleaſed with the propoſals made by his Correſpondent, and in a ſhort time after return'd his conſent. This was certainly welcom'd with no inconſiderable Joy by the Lovers, who had Spent the laſt month in fear that ſome croſs accident might Obviate their expectations, or at leaſt procraſtinate their Nuptials, which they ſo earneſtly wiſhed for, But having now the Conſent of their Parents Concurrent with their own deſires, the day of Marriage was agreed upon to be within a fortnight, and all neceſſary preparations taken care of, to render it as Splendid as publick. The pulſes of our Lovers be at nothing but deſire, and

the Minutes seem'd to Travel on Crutches and the Hours with a snails pace followed after. Ten dayes were now past and the Eleventh had shewed his Face, when early in the Morning a Letter came by a particular Hand to *Amasius* from his Father, the Contents were in these words.

My Dear Amasius,

If ever thou intendest to see thy Living Father, and as thou tendereſt my Bleſſing upon Sight of this, without any delay make all poſſible haſt to

Thy Loving and Dying Father.

R. A.

Never did the young Swain with greater Horrour see the Enlightned Sky Dart out a growing Thunderbolt amidst his harmless flock, then did *Amasius* receive this killing Message which struck his Enlivened Joy into Mortal apprehensions. A Command so peremptory admited no excuse nor can I relate with how great a discontent, he was forced to obey the Mandate, or in the least proportion express the sad Farewell, he was constrain'd to take of his weeping *Ortilia*. The tears they shed or the Sighs that broke

broke priſon from their Breaſts, were as innumerable as the tears of Autumn, or the drops that fill the Ocean, yet obedience was indiſputable, and his dolatory and unwilling departure Criminal; in ſhort, he Sigh'd and vow'd Eternal Love, promiſ'd his return, & almoſt dying on her Lips in his laſt ſalute, took leave & repaired to his Ship which waited for him. The willing winds wafted him unwillingly from the Joy of his Soul, and in a few Hours he loſt ſight of ſhore, where he had continually fixt his Eyes, and left his deareſt treaſure; In every blaſt he thought he heard *Ortelias* lamentation, and grew angry with the Churliſh winds that they would not do him the ſame kind Office and return his Sighs to Her. His Voyage was but too proſperous in Conveying him thence, though in ſome meaſure he was pleaſed therewith in that it gave him hopes he ſhould be the leſs while from the Miſtreſs of his affections, with whom he had left his heart the pledge of his reſolv'd return. In a few days he arrived at *London* where he found his Father upon recovery from a dangerous ſickneſs in which his Phyſicians had diſpaired of his Life. The old Gentleman welcom'd his beloved *Amaſius* with the hearty affections of an Indulgent Father, whilſt he Congratulated his eſcape from the Grave, with all the Tranſports of a dutiful

tiful Son; After a little time he recover'd a good ſtate of health, and receiv'd the Viſits of his Friends and Neighbours. The General Accompliſhments of *Amaſius* his affable diſcourſe and Courteous behaviour were obſerv'd by all, who Commended him for the moſt compleat Gentleman they had ever ſeen, amongſt others an Antient Gentleman, Maſter of a great Eſtate and Father of one only Daughter to inherit it; propoſ'd her to *Amaſius* his Father as a convenient Match for his Son, at ſuch time as he had procur'd his leave to depart and Conſummate his Bliſs with the Beauteous *Ortelia*. This old Fox knowing that her fortune would treble what was offer'd with *Ortelia*, greedily devour'd the bait, and Commanded *Amaſius* to forget his firſt, and apply his Addreſſes to this Second Myſtreſs, which tho' he refuſed with all the prayers and Gentle Arguments Love could Muſter on his behalf, by the recital of thoſe many and Sacred Vowes he had paſſ'd, and the miſeryes he muſt certainly meet in the Violation of that Troth which Heaven it ſelf had been witneſs to, yet the paſſionate Father, wholly devoted to his Intereſt, would by no means be prevail'd upon, but injoyn'd him by his Paternal Authority and as he hop'd to Heyr his Favour and fortunes, to obey his Command wretchedly miſerable was

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the Condition of *Amasius*, but complaints were in Vain, the old Men were agreed and he must submit or incurr his Fathers utmost displeasure. However not all their Art or Industry could ever alienate his thoughts from his dear *Ortelia*. She was constantly in his Eye and the Subject of every Melancholy Soliloquy that he repeated to the careless winds and unanswering Groves, where he Sigh'd away his tedious Hours. In Memory of her the tender Trees were wounded to Carve her Name, and every kind Turf that used to be his Couch was Nourish'd by the dew that fell from his Eyes; The Birds forgot their Notes, and learn't to Sympathize with him, and Eccho it self repeated nothing but *Ortelia*'s Name. Every one Compassionated the unhappy Youth; but the Cruel Father, who seeing all things in the Mirror of his own Sordid Interest forc'd *Amasius* to Visit his design'd Wife; but how Cold and unlike a Lover his Addresses were, the young Lady quickly took Notice of, and acquainted her Parents with it, which was not long before it came to his Fathers ears, who the more he found him Averse to his Humour, the more did he press the same, and charged him as undutifull and Rebellious to his Commands, which by all that was Sacred he Vow'd he should perform. To this end he forthwith

with enjoyn'd a Second Visit which disconsolate Amasius obeyed and having the opportunity of private discourse with the young Lady, who was a Person of equal discretion and Beauty, he resolv'd to deal generously with her, and lay his present Condition naked before her. To this end after some short discourse leading to his purpose, he told her he was infinitely troubled that he had not a heart that he could intirely devote to her Service, but that the same was possessed by another whose Charms not long before had made an absolute Conquest over him, and to whom by all the Vowes and promises that Lovers make, he was in the strictest sort obliged; So that should he go about to deceive her by Counterfeiting a passion that could never be real, he should play the Traytor with a Lady, who had for her Vertues and Incomparable deserts so much of his esteem, that he could never pardon himself so great a crime. The young Lady was extreamly pleased with his Ingenious Confession, and promised she would on her part never go about to make him guilty of the breach of those Vows, she look'd upon above all others, to have some thing more awful and Religious in them and exacted the most sincere observance: But on the contrary she would endeavour what lay in her power to divert her Father from his design. Ah Madam! replyed the gladded Amasius

ſius, and can you be ſo kind, ſo forgetful of my faults, and give me your pardon, then may I hope once more to be happy.

You have it Sir, ſayes the Lady, and an Eſteem with it Suitable to your Merits, for ſurely there is none who knows your Circumſtances but muſt Commend you, and to Evince to the World, I am one of that Number, the blame ſhall be mine; and if you pleaſe, in Obedience to your Fathers Commands, to purſue your Courtſhip, the Breach ſhall appear on my part.

Its Heaven! Heaven Madam! Replyed the overjoy'd *Amaſius*, that muſt repay this favour, which all my Stock of Gratitude is too poor to Anſwer in the leaſt degree. Theſe and ſuch like diſcourſes were the Entertainment of the Second Meeting wherein it was reſolv'd *Amaſius* ſhould carry on his ſeeming Addreſſes, and the refuſal to be on the Ladies ſide, this he ſo lively perſonated, that in the eye of the World, he was look'd upon as abſolutely Enamor'd of her excelleneyes as if the ſame had been real, upon whieh his Father receiv'd him with a double return of his reſpect and kindneſs to him. The old Gentleman having ſetled the whole

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affair between themselves, agreed the time and place to finish the Espousals, under which apprehension, let us change the Scene to *Holland*, where during the time of *Amasius* absence, the disconsolate *Ortelia* like the Mourning Turtle on her Melancholy perch, Sigh'd out her Sorrows in the longing expectation of her Dear *Amasius* his return, but having by the miscarriage of his Letter for two Months heard nothing from him, began to think him unkind and forgetful of his Vowes; when it happened an English Gentleman Travelling into those parts, and invited to her Fathers House with other Friends one day to Dinner, amongst the variety of their discourse of *England*, and of their several acquaintance there, it was ask'd if he knew *Amasius* his Father, how he did, and if perfectly recover'd from his late Sickness, which he told them he was, and that his Son, the young Gentleman, was to be suddenly Married with a Lady to whom he had been some time Engaged. This unexpected News Surpriz'd the whole Family, but especially *Ortelia*, who trembled and chang'd Colour at it; the question was renew'd by *Ortelias* Father, Sir, says he, I have some knowledge of the young Gentleman, and should be very glad to hear of his prosperity, and entreat you, Sir, if you can to tell me more particularly

ticularly the Perſon to whom, and the Grounds of your aſſurance that he is ſo ſoon to Change his Condition. In anſwer to which, the Gentleman told him her Name, deſcribed her Perſon and fortune, and withal gave her a very advantageous Character, as to her Vertues, her Beauty and excellent Temper, adding that before he left *England* the day had been appointed; which he ſuppoſ'd would happen two days following, that he was with *Amaſius*, and his Father when the Wedding Cloths were bought, and other provisions made for the Solemnity. And is, purſues one of *Ortelia's* Siſters, *Amaſius* as accompliſhed a Lover as he ſeems a Gentleman; Doubtleſs Madam, ſayes the ſtranger, he wants no thing to Commend him to the World in all reſpects, and I have obſerv'd, (for I live near him) his Viſits to be very aſſiduous, his mean and addreſs Vigorous and Courtly; The day I came for *Holland* he waited upon her in a New Chariot Richly guilt, in which they both went to a play together. Perfidious Wretch! ſayes *Ortelia* to her ſelf, am I ſo ſoon forgotten! --- Oh *Amaſius*! and bluſh'd and could ſcarce refrain her Eyes from expreſſing the Violence of her paſſion, which her Friends taking Notice of, diverted the diſcourſe and Dinner being ended; ſhe ſlipt from the Company to her Chamber,

where

where after she had given her passion its full rage against the false *Amasius*, she flung herself down upon the Bed, where she lay till her Sisters came up to comfort her. But alas! too late, for the Torrent of her Griefs had already put a fatal period to her life, and her Soul was fled to those Mansions of Bliss which she miss'd of here, so strange were their surprize at so sudden a Disaster, that they could scarce believe their eyes, their loud shrieks and cryes call'd up the House, and so excessive was the general Lamentation that it is beyond the power of my expression to describe it. I will now leave this House of Mourning and return to *Amasius*, who all this time had liv'd upon the Rack, and was against his will oblig'd to Act a part so directly contrary to his inclinations and the ingenuity of his Temper; But this being at the Ladies request and known to her, it did the less concern him: On the other Hand the young Lady had us'd all her endeavours with her Father to put off the Match, alledging in her self a present indisposition of health, and unwillingness so hastily to change her Condition, nor could she discover, (whatever the world might see,) those Graces in *Amasius* his Person, or that agreeable humour in his conservation, that should tempt her to Marry him, and Hazard her future happi-

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pineſs in the Choice of a Husband ſhe could never intirely Love. But all her arguments were in Vain, her perverſe Father would permit no diſputes, but ſharply reprov'd her, Saying, not her Eyes ſhould be the guide of her Choice, that ſhould depend on his pleaſure, that he was very well ſatisfied in *Amaſius* and did expect nothing from her but a due Complyance to his Will. In this ſtate their affairs ſtood till the very Night was come which preceeded the Morning of their Nuptialls, on which as they were diſcourſing together, *Amaſius* on his knees beg'd her pardon that he muſt unwillingly take ſome other courſe to avoid that, which to any other man in the World would be the greateſt Bleſſing his Soul could wiſh to enjoy on this ſide Heaven; But what the ſame ſhould be he was not yet determined, but impoſſible it was, that he could be ever forc't to betray his vows to *Ortelia*. The good Lady pityed his Condition, and beg'd him by no deſperate Act to urge his Fate, telling him ſhe would be ready to ſhare his misfortunes, & equally ſuffer with him. The Evening grew on apace and *Amaſius* with a Thouſand thanks to the Generous Lady took leave, no wayes reſolv'd what to do, his wandring thoughts fell upon ſeveral Stratagems to defer the Wedding, but none of them

pleaſ'd

pleased him, the Obstinacy of his Father was not to be removed by all his prayers and Intreaties. At last he resign'd himself to his Pillow, and recommended the success of this great affair to the care and Conduct of his better *Genius*; however this point he fixt, that rather then break his Vowes he would Venture the displeasure of his Father, and if no Mediation would reconcile him, he resolved for *Holland* to live and dye with his Dear *Ortelia*. Often did he endeavour to Compose himself to rest, but the Troubles of his mind kept his Eyes open, nor had he slept a wink when the clock struck two, the Moon shone full upon the Window. and his Melancholy fancy was shaping the several Shadows into various representations and figures, when he thought he heard his door open, and turning his Eye he saw the Appearance of a Woman with a Mournful and pale look, enter his Chambers, startled at the *Phantasm* as he at first supposed it to be, after a little time he recover'd himself & observing the figure more nearly, he thought he beheld the very Person of *Ortelia*, Clad all in white with her Hair dishevel'd, and at the End of every Lock a drop of Blood, which hung round her Shoulders like a Chain of Rubyes; On her head she seem'd to have a Crown of Gold set round with diamonds,

Emeralds

Emeralds, Saphires, and other precious Stones of different Colours whose Dazling rayes his weaker eyes could no more behold then the Sun in his *Meridian* Glory, this surprizing Vision struck a sacred horror through every part, tho' the strangeness of the Apparition did not so much affright as the Majestick Port and radiant Graces pleas'd his admiring fancy: It moved in a gentle pace toward the Bed, and drawing the Curtains in a pleasing but hollow voice, spoke to him.

Fear not, Amasius, *for I am now too late satisfied of thy Fidelity to the Mistaken* Ortelia, *nor do I come from the Shades of Death, to reproach thy unconstant Love, it hath been the Misfortune of my Credulity, not thy Disloyalty, too late I knew it, to Remedy the dissolution I suffer'd; but the powers amongst whom I am, have since reveal'd the truth and tho' I can never be thine.*

Not mine, replyed the trembling *Amasius*, not mine, *Ortelia*? Think not those Shades shall ever hide thee, no *Ortelia*; if really thou art my *Ortelia*, surely thou couldst not think so hardly of me, but even amidst those dark Shadess below *Amasius* would seek thee out; and

and ſince our Deſtinyes have forbid us to abide on Earth, is there no Society beneath it? thither I will follow thee, and Trace every ſtep of thine till I have wearied thy Fleeting Manes and forc'd thee to repoſe, where I will reſt in thy boſom and enjoy the happineſs of being ever with thee,

Alas Amaſius! *Reply'd the Mournfull Shade, little art thou learnt in what we know, nor dare I tell thee what we are Subject to, who Travel in that great Abyſs. Live therefore,* Amaſius, *'tis Heaven enjoyns it, Heaven (to which in a ſhort time my andring ſpirit muſt take its everlaſting flight) bids thee not ſhake the Sands of life which in a ſhort time will of themſelves run out, much leſs break the precious Chriſtall that contains them; long it will not be e're we ſhall meet again and be for ever joyn'd by Tyes more Sacred then Fleſh and Blood can admit of here. Oh* Amaſius, *we ſhall be infinitely happy, but we muſt wait the leaſure of Heaven to make us ſo.*

May that time quickly come, cryes the paſſionate *Amaſius*, move faſter, O ye Sluggiſh

Hours

Hours and huddle into days, ye days into years to accompliſh that Happy period.

'Twill not be long firſt, ſaid Ortelia, *but in the meantime obſerve my Requeſt, and* do no Violence to your ſelf, nor ever conſent to Marry the Perſon deſign'd nor any other, *and if you can poſſibly prevent it, never reveal one Syllable of this diſcourſe, nor let the World know I have now appear'd to you, for if you do, my reſtleſs Ghoſt will ever haunt you.*

I dare promiſe any thing thy Bleſſed Shade deſires me, Reply'd *Amaſius*, but to live is a puniſhment too intolerable for frail Mortality to bear, I'le caſt off my hated Life with all the Gild d vanities that attend it, to be Bleſt amongſt the Number of the dead, with the Sight of my *Ortelia*

We muſt not, ſaid She, Carve out our own deſires, if we ſhould, our unskilful Hand would oft miſtake the Poiſon for the Antidote, but as thou Tendereſt the Prayers and Entreatyes of dead Ortelia, *patiently attend thy Fate.*

At which word the Shrill Harbinger of the

Morn gave Notice of the approach of day, and Summon'd all wandring Ghosts to their dark abode; when *Ortelia* contracting her scatter'd Rayes into one Glorious Beam of Light, cryed Farewell! Farewell! My Dear *Amasius*, and vanish'd in a Minute. *Amasius*, seeing that *Ortelia* was now gone beyond recall, fell into these passionate Complaints, Oh kind Death, if ever thou had'st pity for the Miserable suffer thy self this once to be entreated, discharge me from this Clog of earth which still sinks my aspiring Soul; See here a Resistless breast which begs but one single Shaft, and hast thou none at leasure? Insulting Tyrant to keep the wretched in Chains, and like the Conquer'd *Bajazet* make me the Gazing Stock of Fools, whilst I am imprison'd in this Cage of Flesh, but Oh! that like him, I could dash out life, against those Bars that hold me! Oh sad parting, Oh Dear *Ortelia*! and art thou gone so soon from me, who perhaps may never see thee more? Come death and ease me, Oh cruel fate obey! No! no! I am condemn'd to Linger out a miserable life in pains, more Exquisite then the sharpest Martyrdoms, but thou dear Soul hast told me it shall not be long. Oh remember but thy last promise, and I will ask no more to compleat me happy; with these and other dolorous Expressions did the

Unhappy

Unhappy *Amaſius* Vent his ſorrows, whilſt exceſs of paſſion had thrown him into a Violent Feaver. In the Morning early, his Friends came Crowding to his Chamber to bid good Morrow to the Bridegroom, and finding him in Bed yet, one of them began to Rally his Sluggiſhneſs, who on a Wedding day when all the preparations for the Nuptials waited for him, and his Friends were Met to welcom the Happy Hour, was the greateſt Loyterer himſelf: To whom *Amaſius* only anſwer'd with a deep Sigh, which was followed by Showers of Tears, the moſt pathetick Oratory of a troubled Mind: what weeping, *Amaſius*? ſayes another, fye for ſhame, let the old and impotent who have worn out Youth, and are now curſt with the miſeries of Age bewail the loſs of thoſe pleaſures they once did Revel in; but thou art now in full poſſeſſion of thoſe riper Joys, and thy happier fortune ſpeaks nothing but Mirth and Jollity. Pray forbear Sir, your unwelcom Jeſts and ſpare your Railery, at this time ſaid *Amaſius*, the Grave muſt be my Marriage Bed, and Oh that I were now to dreſs myſelf, and be there undreſt at Night, with what chearfulneſs ſhould you then ſee me conſummate thoſe wiſh'd for Eſpouſals. But Gentlemen, as you are my Friends let me beg of you to give me no farther diſturbance, my thoughts are

otherways disposed of then you imagine, and the greatest kindness you can do me is to leave me to my own Meditations. In so disconsolate a tone did *Amasius* deliver himself, that he strangely Surpriz'd the hearers with pity for his Condition, the reason of which they could not possibly imagine. His Father was immediately acquainted with it, who coming to his Bed side found him extreamly ill, and fitter for the Advice of the Physitians then the Entertainment of his Friends, or the intended Solemnity. The Doctors were sent for to consult of his present Distemper, who all agreed he was in a High Feaver, but that the cause thereof was not External, but from some extraordinary grief which oppress his Spirits, and was not to be remov'd by all their Learned prescriptions, nor could they advise a more proper Cure then what they endeavour'd to prevent his Death. For some weeks in this miserable Condition, did he linger out the tedious Hours, to the great trouble and discomfort of his Relations, who daily Visited him, and as often prest to know the cause of his present affliction, which he the more carefully strove to hide, nor could they Gues at any probable cause, but as they observ'd his deep Sighs, and then of a sudden his passionate and abrupt expressions of O dear *Ortelia*, happy *Ortelia*, but

gone

loſt, but gone for ever O miſerable wretch, miſerable *Amaſius*, I come, I come, my Joy, my Dear Saint, I com, from whence they all concluded nothing but the Hand of Heaven could work a Cure on his Diſtemper'd mind, whilſt his Body only Sympathiz'd with the anguiſh of his Soul; in the mean time, his Father heard from his Dutch correſpondent, how fatal his unkindneſs had been to his Family, who now began to ſee his own Errour, and blame himſelf as the only cauſe of thoſe Misfortunes in which they had both ſo great a Share; and that by croſſing the Eſtabliſh'd Loves of *Amaſius* and *Ortelia* (which receiv'd their Life and vigour from his encouragement) he had occaſion'd the death of Beautifull *Ortelia*, and reduc'd his Son into thoſe miſeries and diſcontents from which he had but ſmall hopes to recover him. However after ſix weeks Languiſhing under his illneſs, he began to grow into a better State of health, but his Melancholy increaſed upon him; Though his Father endeavour'd by all imagineable diverſions to drive it from his wounded mind, and ſuppoſing he yet knew nothing of *Ortelia*'s Death, reſolv'd to Conceal it from him, till he had in ſome meaſure Eſtrang'd his Affections from her, which he hoped in time to Effect But after two Months were paſs'd, and *Amaſius* was rather

worse then better, he began to think that if his Son, knew of *Ortelia*'s death, and the impossibility of ever enjoying her, it might by degrees quiet his troubled mind, and put him upon some thoughts of perfecting the Match he had design'd him with much advantage. Accordingly one Evening he took an opportunity to disclose *Ortelia*'s Death to him omiting those Circumstances that more particularly concern'd her love to him, which would rather aggravate then allay his passion,

Alas Sir! said Amasius, *I have long since known more of that affair then you are pleas'd to Communicate to me now; I know that* Ortelia *is dead, and that* Amasius *can never be happy till he is so too; But for this I must blame the weakness of my Love, that what a Woman could do for me, I cannot for her, nor dare not, Since I am forbid all violent Remedies, which adds to my affliction, and prevents that Cure, which otherwise I would soon accomplish.*

His Father was strangely Surpriz'd to see himself prevented in his discovery, and commanded *Amasius* to tell him how he came by his Intelligence, supposing that contrary to his or-

der

der ſome of his Friends had acquainted him with it.

Amaſius *humbly beg'd his Pardon, and aſſur'd him, it was not from his Relations or any Perſon elſe he had Entruſted with the Secret, that he came by the knowledge of it, and earneſtly pray'd him not to preſs that queſtion any farther, which if in Obedience to his Commands he ſhould be oblig'd to Anſwer, would yet add more to that weight of ſorrow he ſo miſerably labour'd under.*

This made the old Gentleman his Father the more Inquiſitive, who conjur'd him by that reſpect and duty he ow'd him as his Father, to give him a plain and Satisfactory account, which without any excuſe he immediately expected from him.

Well Sir, ſaid Amaſius, *ſince you will extort a Secret from me, which of all things can only make me more Unhappy, take it, and Judge if my Duty to you is not above all regard to my ſelf --- Here* Amaſius *acquainted his Father how he had ſeen* Ortelia, *and the diſcourſe he had with her, the Night before his intended Nuptials, Adding*

ding withal, that in declaring what he had forc'd him to, he ſhould be the moſt miſerable of Men, as the Sequel of his Unhappy Life approv'd him to be.

Some time after his Father by the Advice of his Friends, remov'd *Amaſius* into the Countrey, and having ſeveral Relations and acquaintance near *York*, that place was fixt upon, hoping that Change of Air and variety of Company might be of advantage to his Health, and a diverſion to his Melancholy. But Alas! He never Enjoy'd a Minute free from the thoughts of his fair deceas'd *Ortelia*, the only Intervals of pleaſure he had, were when the kind Ghoſt of *Ortelia* came to viſit him, which ſhe was often wont to do, or at leaſt his deluded Fancy Imagined ſo, from that time (when by the Severity of his Father he was forc'd to diſcover that he had both ſeen and diſcourſed with her the Night before the intended Marriage.) At ſeveral times would he ſtart upon a ſudden from his Company, ſaying, do you not hear *Ortelia*'s voice? I come, I come, my Dear, Ah there ſhe is, pray do but obſerve how kindly the poor *Ortelia* looks on her *Amaſius*, ſee how Melancholy and pale ſhe is, how beautifully ſorrowful ſhe Glances at me, Oh my Dear I come, but when ſhall I come, never

to

to part from thee more? Oh that this was that blessed Hour that would make me for ever happy with thee! And then retireing into the next Room, would talk with the same passionate Expressions of Love and tenderness to her, as if he did really Converse with her in the visible form of Flesh and Blood. Thus did he pass away about half a year, when one Night after he had been walking and discoursing with her for at least two Hours (tho' at all these several times she was never seen by any Person but himself, sometimes indeed they could distinguish two several Voices) when returning to his Friends more pleasant and Merry then ever he had been before, I thank Heaven, sayes he, my sorrows have now found a period; I have but few nights more to repose on Earth, and then shall I live with my *Ortelia*, and enjoy Eternal Rest of Body and Tranquillity of mind. That Night he Slept heartily and next Morning arose early in a most Serene and Compos'd Temper, at which his Friends were extreamly pleased, and tho' they were much Surpriz'd at the discourse of his approaching Death, yet seeing him continue so well for three dayes, they began to forget their fears, and please themselves with the vain hopes of his perfect recovery. The next day being *Thursday*, and Bowling-day, it was agreed they

ſhould take their Horſes and Ride to the Green, and there Dine with other Gentlemen who uſually Met there once a Week: *Amaſius* chearfully conſented to it, which was the more taken Notice of, it being the firſt time they could ever prevail with him to go into a publick Company, or divert himſelf with any Sociable Recreation. After Dinner they Bowl'd again, when a diſpute ariſing about a Caſt, *Amaſius* took his friends part, at which his Adverſary was ſo Incenſed (being a Cholerick Perſon) that he ſtruck him with his fiſt, but the Gentlemen who were preſent interpoſeing they prevented any farther Miſchief. *Amaſius*, who diſdain'd to receive ſo publick an Injury with the patience of a coward, withdrew into the Garden, and privately ſent a note to the Gentleman to let him know, he there expected with his Sword in his Hand Satisfaction for the Affront he had put upon him. His adverſary came, and after ſome few paſſes ran *Amaſius* through the heart, of which he immediately dyed, and went with Joy to meet his Dear *Orielia* in the Shades below, to the great Grief of his Father and all his friends who had known his Vertuous and Honourable Accompliſhments.

Aurelia *having thus Finish'd her Tragicall Relation,* Melintus *paid her his more particular acknowledgements, nor did the Reſt of the Company forget their Reſpects, tho' all thought it an unreaſonable Entertainment for a Gentleman, whoſe preſent Diſtemper had too much affinity to* Honorius *his Melancholy paſſion, and were not a little apprehenſive of the ill Effects it might produce. However to prevent his being too ſerious and conſiderate upon it,* Lyſander, *who was next in the* Rota, *took his turn and thus addreſs'd to the Company.*

NOVEL the Third.

By LYSANDER.

IT was the unhappineſs of *Cratander*, whoſe Generoſity very often out-ſtript his prudence, and his Natural Bounty the Narrow Confines

of

of his Eſtate, to be at laſt reduc'd to great neceſſity, his Friends Commiſerating his Condition adviſed how they might beſt aſſiſt his preſent diſtreſs and prevent his own and the diſhonour of his family. They reſolv'd at laſt upon a friendly Contribution to raiſe ſome Moneys, and preſent him with a good Gelding, and propoſ'd to him the going up to *London*, where he might put himſelf into ſome employ and particularly that of the Kings Guards, which would afford him a Genteel and competent Support. *Cratander* was eaſily perſwaded to embrace the Councel of his friends, and not long after left the North his Native Countrey, and took his Journey to *London*. After he had ſpent ſome Months there in vain, either through his own ill Conduct, the Modeſty of his Temper which could not Sue for favours with that Confidence which others ſucceed by, or that his Stars had deſign'd him for ſome greater end, having almoſt Spent the little Stock he had, he ſaw he ſhould be ſoon forc't to Sell his Horſe to buy Hay, and to Live longer there at ſo great Expence, would moſt certainly involve him in Debt and Miſery. In the midſt of theſe diſtracted thoughts he reſolved to quit the Town, and make a Viſit to an old Acquaintance who was Maſter of a plentifull Eſtate, and lived in the

West of *England*, and accordingly did so. The next Morning he set out early, and Travell'd almost fifty Miles, when Night coming upon him hastily he lost his way upon a great Common, and not knowing the Coast of the Countrey wandred up and down, till at last he spy'd a Candle at a Shepherds Cott about half a Mile, distance, which he steer'd up to. Hallowing to know who liv'd there, the Shepherd came out, of whom he Enquired the way to the Town he intended to Lodge at that Night, the Shepherd told him he was five Miles off, and the way difficult to find, if he was a stranger in the Countrey, *Cratander* told him he was, and had already lost his way and tired his Horse, and if he would be so kind to give him Accommodation for that night, he would gratifie him to his Content.

The Shepherd told him his was a House but of one Room, tho' plentifully Furnish'd with Inhabitants, that besides his Wife and himself he had Six Children, and but one Bed, and a Matress, and not so much as a Hovell to put his Horse in.

Cratander then enquired if there was no neighbouring Village could give him a Reception for one night, the Shepherd told him a mile

mile off there was one, and if he pleas'd he would be his Guide, which *Cratander* accepted of when they were Arrived at it, they found but one Alehouse in the Town, and that afforded no better Accommodation then the *Shepherds* Hutt; *Cratander* in this distress, ask'd if there was no Gentleman or Farmer in the Town would be so kind to Entertain him for a Night, the *Shepherd* told him it was a very poor Village, but there was a Manor Houle in it, at which a Gentlewoman now liv'd who was Daughter to the Lord of the Mannor, who died six Months ago, that she probably might be so kind to him as a stranger, when others for the same reason would distrust and refuse him so Charitable a favour. *Cratander*, with the directions of the *Shepherd*, went up to the Hall, the *Shepherd* knock'd at the gate, and told the servant a Gentleman desir'd to speak with her Mistress, who immediately sent to Invite him in; *Cratander* excus'd himself, that it would be too great a boldness in him who was a stranger to the Lady, but he would wait as a beggar at her Gate to intreat a Boon from her Hands. The Maid carried back this answer, which surpriz'd the Young Lady, especially when her *Servant* told her he was a Gentleman on Horseback well accoutred, and *Robin* who was her *Shepherd* was with him, the Lady came presently

ly to the Gate to whom *Cratander* with all Modesty and respect addres's'd himself.

I am, Madam, *tho' a Stranger to you, forc't to presume upon your Favour, that you will please to give leave to a Traveller who has lost his way to beg a Lodging for himself and Horse, the same Stable shall Entertain us both, nor should any thing but down-right necessity oblige me to this Confident Petition.*

The Lady who was of a most affable and sweet Temper told him readily he was most heartily Welcom, and she only wish'd her present Hospitality could answer the Merits of her Guest; upon this invitation *Cratander* alighted, whom the Lady Conducted into the House and order'd his Horse to the Stable. He was Entertain'd in the principal Room with a plentiful Supper, which being ended, *Cratander* in the most Obliging Expressions paid his thanks to the Generous Lady, and taking up his Sword and Pistols which lay upon the Table, now Madam if you please, I will walk into the Stable and repose my self by my Horse, for this days Journey has made me both weary and sleepy; The Lady at these words seem'd extreamly Surpriz'd, and with a graceful sharpness told him, She was very sorry that the Cordial Welcom

She better design'd him, then was able to express upon so sudden an Occasion should be so far mistaken; That she hop'd her House, how meanly soever Furnish'd, might afford him a better Lodging then her Stable, which she desir'd he would believe by accepting of it. *Cratander* was much out of Countenance at this reprimand, but recovering himself, Modestly reply'd, Dear Madam, you have already so infinitely oblig'd me that I had not Confidence enough to Trespass farther upon so Generous a Temper, especially when at the same time I consider my self an absolute stranger to you, which perhaps may create some fears and Jealousyes in your Family, though your Noble Breast which knows no Guilt in it self, can Harbor no suspition of others. The Lady Blusht and told him, She saw too much Honour in his Person and demean to Judge so unworthily of him, and desir'd he would please to take his Chair and pass away half an Hour, till his Chamber was prepar'd for him. *Cratander* had observ'd that both before and at Supper the Maid that waited had her eye constantly fixt upon him, and with a look that spoke Horror and Consternation, as if she suspected him for a Person who had some Villainous design brooding in his heart, which his being so well Arm'd gave occasion for, Nor

was

was he miſtaken for ſhe had ſeveral times preſt her Miſtreſs that the ſtranger might lye in the Stable with his Horſe as he himſelf requeſted, That it happen'd out very odly that this ſtranger ſhould come this very Night upon thoſe pretentions when no ſuch accident ever was before, a Night when all the Men-Servants, had leave to be abroad at a Countrey Wake and none but Women and a poor Boy who belong'd to the Stables left at home, her Miſtreſs heard her reaſons and inclin'd to her Opinion, but conſidering what a reflection it would be upon her, if this ſtranger was really that worthy Gentleman he appear'd to be, ſhe reſolv'd to run all riſques rather then be guilty of ſo baſe and degenerous an Action. The Gentleman and Lady had paſs'd away the time in variety of diſcourſe, by which ſhe was now fixt in a good Opinion of him, and had fully baniſh'd thoſe fears and apprehenſions her Maid had whiſper'd in her Ear, when the Servant came down and told her the Chamber was ready, if the Gentleman pleaſ'd to go to Bed, upon which her Miſtreſs order'd her to take the Candle and wait upon him to his Lodging. The Lady attended him to his Chamber, and ſmilingly told him, Sir, pray Command whatever you want, and my houſe affords, I wiſh you good Reſt and

hope

hope your Lodging will be as pleaſant here as in the Stable --- *Cratander* would have reply'd, but the Lady was gone, The Maid having left the Gentleman to his reſt, went to her Miſtreſſes Chamber, where ſhe began a freſh to diſcourſe her former Suſpitions, but the Lady with a frown bid her be Silent and make haſt to Bed; thoſe Jealouſyes were idle fancies only, and ſhould never diſcompoſe her reſt whatever ſhould be the iſſue of them. The Maid went to her Chamber, put out the Candle and lay'd herſelf upon the Bed, wiſhing for the Morning, which would diſpell thoſe Melancholy thoughts that now oppreſt her mind. Her preſent fears baniſh'd all Sleep from her Eyes, and the Clock had now ſtruck One, when ſhe heard a Noiſe in the Court-yard, ſtarting up ſhe ran to the window, where ſhe ſaw four Men at the door, who firſt Tryed the Latch to ſee if it was open, and finding it faſt Bolted and Lockt, they endeavour'd by main ſtrength to force their Entrance, the Maid frighted out of her wits, ran to her Miſtreſſes Chamber, where with her paſſionate Out cryes, She awaken'd her, and told her,

There were four Robbers in the yard breaking into the Houſe, who would certainly Murder them all, and the Perſon she had

Entertain'd

Entertain'd was no doubt of their Gang.

The Lady Alarm'd at this unexpected News, half distracted flew to *Cratanders* Chamber, who was fast asleep and loudly Snoreing, but she soon awakened him with her loud complaints, and upon her Knees with all the passion, and moving Rhetorick her fears could inspire her with.

Beg'd her Life and Honour of him, and the preservation of her Family, and She would immediately deliver him all her Money, Plate, Jewels, or whatever else he thought worth his acceptance; And in the same Breath repeated, but pray Sir spare my Life, Spare my Honour, and I shall think my self indebted to you for whatever I part with besides.

Cratander, whose thoughts at the lowest Ebb of fortune could never Entertain a base design, was no less Surpriz'd then the Lady, and told her.

Madam, *I understand not your meaning, but if you please to be plain in your Expressions, I will defend both your Life and Honour with the utmost hazard of my own.* Oh Sir, sayes the Lady, *there are Theives breaking*

breaking into my House, and pardon me if I mistake you for one of their Confederates. I'le convince you presently, reply'd Cratander, and leaping out of Bed Slipt on his Clothes, and with his Sword and Pistols, by the Maids direction, made to that part of the House they first attempted, Cratander had the fortune to have just got to the door, when they forc't it open, and discharging one of his Pistols amongst them, he saw a Person drop, upon which they gave back; but he with his Sword in Hand, advanced two or three Steps, and by the opposition he met with, from one of them receiv'd a Slight Wound upon his Breast, which he reveng'd by another upon his Aave saries right Arm, which so disabled him that he gave back, and Cratander retreated to the door for fear their odds might oppress him, whose safety depended only on his single Courage. The Thieves seem'd to go off, and left one of their Companions bleeding upon the Ground, which Cratander by the Groans suppos'd to be dying, but not knowing what

reserve

reſerve of ſtrength they might have, he made faſt the door and went up to his Chamber, where he had left the Lady half dead with fear.

Madam, ſays he, was it not for what your Ladyſhip has ſuffer'd in the affright I am heartily glad of this opportunity, which has I hope in ſome meaſure made me Serviceable to your Ladyſhip. and given a Teſtimony of that Honour and Juſtice which before as a ſtranger might be queſtion'd in me. The Lady with tears in her Eyes, which ſtood ready to ſally out either with Joy or ſorrow, return'd her thanks in the moſt grateful Senſe her words could expreſs, call'd him the Preſerver of her Life, Honour and Fortune, who certainly was ſent from Heaven, like a *Guardian Angel*, to defend her from the rapine and Violence of Theives and Murderers. After ſome care taken of his wound, which was not deep, they reſolv'd not to go to Bed for fear of a Second Attaque; but in *Cratanders* Chamber ſpent the remainder of the Night, wiſhing for the Morning light, that they might ſafely diſcover the Perſon who was left behind dead upon the Spot; Aſſoon as the day appear'd, *Cratander*, the Lady, and the reſt of the Family open'd the door, and in the yard found

a great quantity of blood ſpilt upon the Ground, but the Body was convey'd away, which they could trace no farther then the out-ward Gate, which was left open, and the lock broke off; *Cratander* ſtayed two days till his wound was Cloſ'd, and the Lady recover'd from that Conſternation ſhe was under, when ready on the third day to take his leave againſt all thoſe arguments of kindneſs and reſpect the Lady could preſs upon him, a Servant came over to invite her to the Funeral of her Uncle, a Gentleman of Competent Eſtate who liv'd ten miles off. The Lady was very much Surpriz'd to hear of her Uncles ſo ſudden death, whom ſhe had not known to be ill, and particularly enquir'd the cauſe, to whom the Servant could give no other Anſwer, but that going to Bed ſomething indiſpoſ'd, he was found dead in the Morning, the Lady was now Furniſh'd with freſh occaſion of Grief, which ſhe made uſe of as a powerful reaſon to perſwade *Cratander* to ſtay one day longer, and particularly deſir'd him to bear her Company to that mournfull Solemnity. *Cratander* told her he was extreamly ſorry for her loſs of ſo near a Relation -- Alas Sir, ſays ſhe, it is not that alone, I have a ſecond loſs in a good Friend, to whoſe Care and Advice my dying Father recommended me. and I have been ſufficiently

ſenſible

ſenſible of his kindneſs in the management of thoſe worldly affairs Women are generally born ſtrangers to. The next day being that of his Funeral, *Cratander* promiſ'd to wait upon her, and in the Interim endeavor'd to chear up her drooping Spirits with a Suitable Converſation to her Solemn grief. Being arrived at the Houſe the Lady was earneſt to know what ſudden Diſtemper was the cauſe of her Uncles death, her Aunt told her ſhe ſuppoſ'd an Apoplexy, but deſiring to ſee the Corps, ſhe anſwer'd that being a Corpulent Fat Man the Coffin was nail'd up early in the Morning for fear the Body, which began already to Corrupt, ſhould be offenſive to the Company. The Lady was very well Satisfi'd with the anſwer, and led by *Cratander*, attended the Corps to the Grave. At their return home diſcourſing of the Funeral, *Cratander* ask'd who that Gentleman was in the Brown Periwig that aſſiſted at the Interment, The Lady told him, he was a Gentleman of intimate acquaintance with her Uncle, who had formerly a fair Eſtate, but his too laviſh Hand had now forc'd him to receive his Support from the kindneſs of his more familiar and Charitable Friends. Madam, ſayes *Cratander*, did you not obſerve a black Ribbon tyed about the wriſt of his Right Hand; yes Sir, ſayes ſhe, I did ſo, he is

a Gentleman who drinks high and is often in Broyls, I wish Madam, says *Crauander*, he was guilty of no other fault, tho' I cannot comm nd a quarrelsom Temper in my best Friends; but proceeds he, would y u please to Seal my pardon before-hand, I would make one step farther, which I shall do with all respect to the Memory or reputation of any Gentleman alive or dead. Sir, sayes she, I am altogether in the dark, and cannot Guess at your meaning, but assure your self it is not in your power to di oblige me: Madam says *Crauander*, when 'twas my good fortune the other Night to engage the Thieves who had broke into your House, after the fall of one of them, I prest fo ward with my Sword & receiv'd the hurt upon my Breast from another, which by that glimmering light of the Moon we then had, bore the perfect Shape and likeness of this Gentleman, who at the same time receiv'd a hurt on his right Hand, which this Person seems to have; Sir, what sayes the Lady, a little warmly, pray do you infer, Madam, sayes he, I do suspect this Gentleman to have been in the Company and I should be very glad to be satisfied in it. Sir, says she you seem to hint something more then I am willing to believe you do. Madam, reply'd *Crauander*, I shall make no reserves in your Ladyships Company, but I heartily wish this Hand

did

did not Contribute more to your Uncles death then I ever design'd it should.

Sir, sayes she, 'tis impossible I dare acquit you, and do at this Minute, and pray let us discourse no farther on so unpleasant a Subject.

Madam, sayes he, I will Trespass but in one word more, my Suspition commenc'd when I first saw that Gentleman at the House, before I ever knew he had any hurt on his Hand, for I observ'd I could never fix my Eye upon him but either through shame or Guilt he avoided the Test of my looks, and either chang'd Countenance, or Show'd some inward emotion of Spirit, which they who are better Read in the lines of Nature, and more Critically observe her Rules, would Construe in the same Sense that I do.

Sir, sayes the Lady, I am no wayes averse to your Satisfaction in that point, but I would at the same time have a due regard to my Name and Family.

Madam, reply'd *Cratander*, I will proceed by such wary Methods as you your self shall approve of, I will go to some Chirurgion thereabouts, and complain the wound I receiv'd on my Breast Festers within, and advise with him

for the Cure, and so from one to another; and if this Gentlemans wound appears to be so, and no strain, in all probability he applyed himself to some Neigbouring Chirurgion, and by him may receive some leading Circumstances to confirm or abate my Suspition.

Sir, sayes the Lady, upon the Terms I. before mentioned, you may use your pleasure. *Cratander* accordingly the next day took his Horse, and at a publick Inn near the Town where the Uncle liv'd, desir'd to know if there was ever a Chirurgion in that part of the Country, whom he might safely intrust. The Landlord directed him to one at the next Town, to whom *Cratander* Show'd his wound, which was not perfectly Cured, and in discourse, was asking if he had much practice in the Country for green Wounds, the Chirurgion told him every tittle, and that by accident the other day, a Gentleman who had been engag'd in a quarrel, receiv'd a Cut on his Right Hand, whom he now had under Cure, which had it not slanted a little had certainly Cut all his Muscles in two and for ever disabled him. The Person & Circumstance of time he more particularly urg'd, but at that distance, as if rather for discourse sake then Enquiry, and found them all Correspond with his first Suspition. At Night he acquainted the

Lady

Lady with the particulars, and prevail'd with her, that he might get a Justice of Peaces Warrant to apprehend him, and oblige him upon his Examination to give a Satisfactory account where and when he receiv'd that wound. This was done and the Gentleman taken into Custody, who giving only Evasive Answers, was told if he would not be more positive and direct, they should be forc'd to charge him more Criminally, which an ingenious Confession might prevent or in some measure attone. The Gentleman was in great confusion what to say, but at last fully Confest the whole matter, that he with two more whom he Named, were won by the Uncle upon the promise of a Considerable reward to assist him in this Enterprize, that they pitch'd upon that Night rather then any other, because the Men-Servants would be abroad, and the House defenceless, that they had resolv'd to Murther the Young Lady and all the Family, for fear they should hereafter tell any Tales, that the Uncle was Shot at the door where he receiv'd his hurt by *Cratander*, and afterwards they came back and brought of his Body for fear of a discovery. Upon this the Gentleman was committed to *Winchester* Gaol, the other Two having some Notice of it fled. The Body of the Uncle was taken up, and found to be Shot in-

to the Heart with a Piſtol Bullet which was there found, the Motive to ſo bloody and barbarous a deſign, (beſides the inſtigation of the Devil and his own Covetouſneſs) was generally ſuppoſ'd to be the Eſtate of the Young Lady which deſcended to him, who was her Fathers Younger Brother, and ſhe the only Child he left behind. The Young Lady conſidering how miraculouſly ſhe had been preſerv'd, and that next to Heaven ſhe ow'd her Life to the Courage and Gallantry of *Cratander*, Franckly told him.

Sir, I never yet Enquired whether you was Married or no, nor was it a queſtion ever in my Thoughts before, if you are not and will accept of my Perſon with the Fortune that attends it, I hope to be Happy in your Embraces.

Cratander, who little Expected that Fortune who had been alwayes a niggard to him, ſhould now pour down her Bleſſings with ſo Lavi ſh a Hand, in a Rapture of Bliſs, cry'd out, O happy *Cratander*, for ever happy, Dear Madam I am yours for ever, and let the declining Sun tell the other part of the Globe how happy his Fellow Traveller is made to day; which ſhe readily conſented to, and they were immediately Married. within a Month after the Aunt dy-

ed

ed for grief, and that Estate fell to *Cratander* in Right of his wife who was next Heyr at Law; Thus Lives he Master of a fair Estate which his courage and generosity most worthily deserves.

Lysander *ended his Story with the applause of the whole Company, and* Melintus *himself smiled at the Close, and said the Lady could do no less then Crown her Champion with the full Enjoyment of her Estate and Person.*

Florimel *whose turn it was to lead, desir'd to be Excus'd, that she had never a Story fit for such sober Company, but* Melintus *told her he would admit no Excuse, She was not so Airy, but She had some more serious Intervals, and he hop'd this was one of them. Well Sir says* Florimel, *I'le take my Course and you must take your Chance.*

NOVEL the Fourth,

By FLORIMEL.

CHaritas, (for under that Title I intend to disguise his proper English Name, out of

respect to his Person and quality) was the Eldest Son of a Worthy Gentleman in *Oxfordshire*, and Heir to a fair Estate. His Father took particular care in his Education, to furnish him with all the Accomplishments Suitable to his parts and Character, for Nature had been prodigal to him in all the gifts of mind, which she inchas'd in a Body of Elegant Composure and perfect Symmetry. After he was arriv'd to more Natural years, his Father brought him up to *London*, and enter'd him into the Society of *Graves-Inn*, where he not so much design'd him for a profound Lawyer, as to be Capable to serve his Country in that Station and Quality he was born in. For the first two years he was observ'd by all, for a Sedulous Student, and knew no other pleasures or diversions of the Town, then those of the play-House or Dancing-School, both which he rarely frequented, and then rather out of Complaisance to his Friends then Inclination in himself. It fortun'd one day he was Invited abroad by some of his acquaintance to an Entertainment of the Spring-Gardens, where they were Engag'd to Meet some Ladies, to whom the last Night they had lost a Collation at a Game at Cards. *Charilus* who knew nothing of the design, was very ready to accept the Treat, and promis'd his Company, The

Gentlemen

Gentlemen and Ladies met accordingly, the Entertainment was Noble and Coſtly, the Gentlemen Generous and Frank, and the Ladies fair and Obliging. *Charilus* whoſe heart was yet a ſtranger to Love, began of a ſudden to feel its warmer powers, and himſelf diſcompoſ'd that he reſolv'd all happineſs into that of Love, and Condemned the ignorance of his paſt Life, who had only Studyed Men and Books to know the worſt half of Mankind, and neglected the fairer Sex, the Beauty and Glory of the whole Creation. Having thus but dipt his Foot in the water he found it ſo refreſhing he reſolv'd to wade farther and plunge himſelf into that Abyſs of pleaſures his Thirſty Soul ſo eagerly Coveted. Theſe Ladies brought him into the Acquaintance of others, which they inlarg'd to their own Friends, till in a ſhort time the day was not long enough for him to pay his Viſits (which he punctually obſerv'd) to each expecting Miſtreſs. About this time his Father dyed and left him a plentifull Eſtate with a conſiderable Sum of ready Money, which he improv'd to the better Conduct and more eaſy Management of his Amorous Intrigues, Numerous were the Female Clients of this young Lawyer, and the rather becauſe he gave, but receiv'd no Fees, except thoſe in Tail, beſides the great advan-

tage he had o fother Gentlemen in his comely perſonage and courteous behaviour, that he wounded more hearts in a week then he could Cure in a Month with his beſt performances. It Chanced one Evening being at a Ball in *Leiceſter-Feilds* he ſaw the Beauteous *Bellinda*, whoſe powerful Charms would have Conquer'd a more ſtubborn heart then *Charilus* wore, which by its frequent wounds was now grown ſoft and tender, and eaſily received the lighteſt Impreſſion. *Bellinda* was now the only game *Charilus* purſu'd, which he did ſo Vigorouſly, that he loſt no opportunity he could improve, to render himſelf reſpected by her; He danced with her, and afterwards obtain'd the favour to wait upon her home in his own Coach, which he look'd upon as a promiſing earneſt of a more ample reward in future. But after ſeveral Viſits made with all paſſion and diligence as the Devil would have it, *Bellinda* prov'd of a different mould from other Ladies of her Sex, and Vertue had been Regent at her Nativity, above Beauty or pleaſure. *Charilus* who had never met a repulſe like this in the whole Career of his hot deſires; Intreated, Treated, preſented, which the Lady ſtill accepted upon honourable terms. When h found theſe Baits would not take, he offer'd Marriage as the laſt and moſt prevailing argument.

Bellinda

Bellinda told him, *She was under no Vow to a ſingle Life, but could diſpoſe of her Perſon and Fortune as beſt pleaſ'd her ſelf.*

Charilus told her that was the only happineſs he aim'd at, and would compleat immediately, but that he was under a Sacred Obligation not to Marry for ſome time which was now Expired to Six Months, that he did believe a contract in the Eye of Heaven, was as Obliging as the publick Solemnization of the Wedding, which was only requir'd by Law for the more known and certain deſcent of Eſtates, that if ſhe pleas'd to conſent to a Contract now he would moſt aſſuredly Conſummate the Marriage Six Months after.

With theſe and other arguments and the moſt Solemn proteſtations his quick Invention, could Furniſh his Expreſſions with, he won the credulous *Bellinda*, who without any tedious or formal Ceremony of contract, took his word *Charilus* immediatly order'd private Lodgings for himſelf and *Bellinda*, where they liv'd with the higheſt content and Satisfaction, the ſix Months being expir'd, *Bellinda* remembred him of his promiſe; which he excuſed at that

time, as a thing that might be done any day, for that he was engaged in some Affairs of great Importance. Thus from time to time he had alwayes some Studied Answer to divert the discourse, which at last she found had no place in his intentions, and prest no farther. However no Persons liv'd more amicably and Friendly together, that I much question (were there not other more Substantial reasons to be given) whether an indissoveable Tye of two Persons, does not render their Converse more uneasy, and their whole Lives more querulous, then if it was only a Knot which each Person might unloose at pleasure. *Charlis* who was alwayes of a Generous and Noble Temper (nor was *Bellinda* parcemonious) having one day an Occasion for two hundred pounds, began to consider his present Circumstances and inspect his accompts for the last seven years, when first his Acquaintance commenc'd with *Bellinda*; He found his Estate much impair'd by the negligence of Tenants, his Rents fallen one third, and the Body of the Estate sunk under a weighty Mortgage, which still prey'd upon the Vitals, besides several Debts abroad, which would grow Clamorous and disreputable to him, and fifteen Hundred pounds, which he had receiv'd as *Bellinda*'s Portion, was sometime since spent and forgotten, the Unwelcome prospect he now had

of

of his Shatter'd Fortunes, raiſ'd different paſſi-ons in his Labouring Breaſt, which after he had ſingly examin'd, he found himſelf only to blame, who either by his own Inadvertency or too much Confidence in others, had ſuffer'd his Eſtate to ſteal from him, without that prudent obſervance which might only preſerve it. At laſt he reſolv'd to diſintangle himſelf from the trouble of Lands and Mortgages and part with all for a valuable conſideration in Mony over which he would keep a ſtrick Eye. This he reſolv'd and in part perform'd. He ſold the whole Eſtate paid all his Debts, preſerv'd his Reputation with the world, and had two Thouſand pounds Overplus, to lay the foundation of a New fortune, which he promiſ'd himſelf might be eaſily done. But being naturally averſe to buſineſs, & unwilling to deſcend below his former Grandeur, he ſo long defer'd it, that there was not Room left for that conſideration, and Calling *Bellinda* one Morning into his Cloſet he ſhew'd her a draught of his preſent Misfortunes and withall told her there was but Three hundred left of the laſt two Thouſand pounds, that tho' he never was Ceremoniouſly Married to her, yet he look'd upon himſelf as oblig'd to provide for her; and not for that reſpect only, but as he ever had a moſt Sincere Love for her and that whatever diſtreſſes ſhould befall him,

her

her Share ſhould be the leaſt in them. She began to Lament her great Unhappineſs, who muſt ſhortly be Expoſ'd to the Injuryes of the World, and theinclemency of Friends, when *Charilus* pray'd her patience to hear him a few words.

My Dear Bellinda, *ſayes* Charilus, *that my Affections have been hearty and unfeign'd you your ſelf ſhall Judge, and think not that thoſe vigorous Flames, which were firſt inkindled between us, ſhall ever know decay or Period. Diſtreſs if rightly us'd, is but a poignant Sawce to whet our Cloy'd Appetites; Loves fire may be as intenſe in the heat, 'tho the Flames are not ſo active, but affliction Rowzes up the ſleeping Embers and ſeems to give New Life and heat. But this I only ſpeak as Conſolatory, now to the poynt I intend; There is but one way to retrieve our drooping fortunes, and that with you approbation, I am reſolv'd to proſecute, which is this, I have an Aequaintance in the City, a Perſon of Eminent Reputation, and my particular Friend, whoſe Aſſiſtance I am aſſur'd of in this affair*

affair; You shall take two hundred and fifty pounds of this Money, a Footman and Two Maids to wait upon you, and assume a Name both honourable and well known in the West of England, and pass for a Gentlewoman of the same Name, of a very considerable Fortune and at her own disposal. My Friend I spoke of, shall take you fair Lodgings in a Merchants House, give you the Character I mention'd, and assist you in the whole Conduct of this design. Very well, sayes Bellinda, now you have reduc'd me to nothing, you intend to set me up for a Fortune, like a Gilt of the Town -- Soft! sayes Charilus, you are too quick upon Me and overshoot the mark, this being done I'le go down into the Country, and reconcile my self to my Uncle, (who has a fair Estate, which I am next Heyr at Law to, if he don't Cut of the Entail) and make use of my Courtship to you, and the hopes I have of your Favour to Cement the difference between us, and Engage his Interest for the obtaining your Love, of which I know how to make good Advantage.

Well

Well then, and what must be the Issue of this? Why nothing Child but an Establish'd Felicity to us both in Matrimony, and the Securing my Uncles Estate, when ever Heaven shall call him into a better World.

I know not how (sayes Bellinda) *to trust any affair where there is Matrimony in it, it is a word so abus'd upon all Occasions, and I my self have had some little Experience of it -- but I forbear, that's a tender part. But doe what you please you shall always find me of the same obsequious humour.*

Charilus having fixt this point, and seen *Bellinda* placed at a Merchants House, (where she had the Reputation of a Fortune of Eight Thousand pounds, and five Hundred *li. per An.*) and made some Visits to her, he went down into the Country where his Uncle receiv'd him as a Gentleman and a stranger, of whom he had not heard a word this seven years, but as Common fame reported him to his disadvantage. After he had Spent two dayes there, his Uncle came to a more easy familiarity, and enquir'd of his affairs blameing his Imprudent manage-

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ment of his Eſtate and Riotous Expences, which *Charilus* in part Confeſs'd, and laid his finger where he thought his Uncles Eye had not yet diſcover'd the blemiſh. this he thought a proper Seaſon to diſcourſe him, of his Courtſhip to *Bellinda* (whoſe Name we will preſerve tho' her Character's alter'd) he aſſur'd him of her fortune and his Intereſt with her, and that if he would pleaſe to afford him, the leaſt Umbrage of his favour he did not queſtion Succeſs, and that he ſhould be not only able to repair the Breaches in his Eſtate, but conſiderably advance it by this plentifull Addition. His Uncle told him he had in ſo high a Meaſure forfeited his Eſteem with him, that he might reaſonably imagine he ſuffer'd as much in the Opinion of others; That this would be a work of great difficulty, and beſide fortunes now a days were grown ſo common and Cunning, that very often the moſt Judicious Eye, could not diſtinguiſh the real from the Counterfeit. After other reaſonings on both ſides the Uncle ſeem'd to be ſatisfied with *Charilus* his diſcourſe of the fortune, and told him that if he would ſtay with him till Term which was not long, he would conſider farther of it, and then he had buisneſs at *London*. During his ſtay in the Country, he wrote two Letters to *Bellinda*, which he Show'd his

his Uncle and the Answers he receiv'd, by which he abated the difficulty of the Courtship so that now the great *Quære* was the certainty of the Estate and Money. At the beginning of Easter Term they both came up to *London*, and *Charilus* would have made a Visit the next Afternoon to his Mistress, but his Uncle told him the Taylor had been with him in the Morning, and promis'd him to bring his Clothes by twelve the next day, and that he had a mind to go along with him, if he would defer it to the next Afternoon, which *Charilus* consented to, and they accordingly went together. At the door he met with one of *Bellinda's* Maids, and ask'd if her Lady was within, who Answered, yes, pray Sweet heart, sayes he

Present my very humble Service to her, and let her Ladyship know my Name is Charilus, *who beg the Honour to kiss her Hand.*

The Maid went up with the Message, and presently down came her Woman with this Answer.

Sir, my Lady presents her Service to you, She's something indispos'd at this time and begs your pardon.

Upon which *Charilus* and his Uncle return'd

to their Lodging. Where the Uncle Umph'd, and Umph'd! And told *Charilus*, this was a Sort of a cold indifferent Complement, which he excus'd, that Ladies of that quality and fortune did often put on State to give a greater value and Esteem to their Character. However the Uncle was much disatisfied to see his Nephew thus Slighted and urg'd, that they should make a Second Visit by Nine next Morning, which he Excus'd as not the Mode of the Town to Visit Ladies, but in the Afternoon. Next day he was Impatient till the Clock had struck Three, that he might have a Sight of this Lady, after three they made a Second attempt to a Visit, and sent up the same Message as before, but the Uncle for fear of some excuse pull'd *Charilus* by the Sleeve and followed the Servant up stairs, where they met her returning to Invite them up. At their entrance into the Dining Room, they saw the Lady at the Table talking with a Gentleman, and a great heap of writings and parchments before them, upon which *Charilus* stept back, but the Lady very familiarly call'd him in, and desir'd his Friend would please to walk in too, which Invitation the Uncle had already prevented out of his great Curiosity to see the Lady; *Charilus* saluted her with all imaginable respect and ask'd pardon for interrupting of

her

her in the midſt of Buiſneſs. S'e anſwer'd, it was no great Buiſneſs, this Gentleman was her Lawyer, and they had been looking over ſome looſe papers, at which ſhe turn'd the Carpet gently over them, and told the Gentleman if he pleaſ'd to come at Ten in the Morning they would Inſpect the reſt, upon which he took his leave. Then ſhe particularly apologiz'd for yeſterdays rudeneſs as ſhe pleaſed to call it, that indeed ſhe had been buſie all day wi.h her Lawyer, was undreſt, and underſtanding there was a ſtranger with you Sir, to *Charilus*, I was forc't to uſe the frequent excuſe of our Sex, which I beg this Gentlemans pardon for -- to the Uncle. which Complement after he had taken care to Anſwer -- She invited them to ſit down, and put on a moſt facetious and obliging Countenance. Amongſt other diſcourſe *Charilus* ask'd if the Painter had finiſhed her Ladyſhips Picture yet, yes Sir, ſayes ſhe, it hangs in the withdrawing Room — and riſing up, pray Sir, ſayes ſhe, give me your Opinion, whether it is like or No, with that *Charilus* waited upon her into the Room, and the Uncle (thinking it but common manners to let the Lovers be private at their firſt Enterview after ſo long a Vacation) ſtayed behind; *Charilus* gently putting the door too, which the Uncle obſerving b gan

to

to peep under the Carpet, where he saw several Bonds, Letters, and one Mortgage for four Thousand pounds. After half an Hours stay the Lovers return'd, and the Lady afresh excused the incivility of her absence, to a Gentleman of his quality, whom she now understood to be a near Relation to this Worthy Gentleman her Friend; Mutual Complements having pass'd between the Uncle and Lady they sat down, and fell upon other discourses. After half an Hours stay longer *Charilus* and his Uncle took leave of the Lady, and in the next street parted; his Uncle telling him he would make a particular Enquiry for his own Satisfaction, and within two dayes he would resolve him what he would do. Two days after he came early into his Chamber with a Letter in his Hand and told him he had weigh'd all Circumstances of Truth and improbability, had made a most particular Scrutiny into the Ladies fortune, her Relations, and whatever was to be consider'd upon that point, and did agree with him, that she was a most Beautifull Vertuous Lady and Mistress of the same Estate in Money and Land (if not more) as he first reported to him. That he was withall very sensible that she had more than ordinary Respect for him by those familiar kindnesses she Expressed, that de-

lay

lay was the greatest Enemy he could have in this affair, and whatever was resolv'd must be with Expedition. I do withall think it proper, sayes he, you should make her some Handsom present as either a Locket of Diamonds, a fair Necklace of Pearl, or what you think is most Modish and acceptable, Sir, says *Charilus*, I humbly thank you, you certainly advise the best Method that can be; yes, says the Uncle, interrupting of him, and you ought likewise to appear in a fine Gilt Chariot drawn by two *Flanders*, these are very taking with Young Ladies, they were so in my time, yes Sir, sayes *Charilus*, but my present Stock of Money will not reach so far, and I am unwilling to run in debt to Tradesmen it may prove a disadvantage to me, if known, you are in the right says his Uncle, and I did fear as much, and for that reason I have here writ a Letter to *Badley* my Steward, to furnish you with Eight Hundred, or a Thousand pounds, which you would rather have, and do you take it, and go down into the Country with all speed, if he has not so much in his Hands let him raise it of the Tenants, but I expect, Nephew, you shall return it to me Six Months after Marriage: which *Charilus* submissively promis'd to do, and to take Post immediately into the Country. *Charilus* overjoy'd at this great

Blessing

Bleſſing of fortune beyond his utmoſt Expectation, Stole a Viſit firſt to *Bellinda*, and told her all his Uncle had ſaid, ſhewed the Letter, and after they had Congratulated each other in this happy Succeſs, took leave for the Countrey promiſing all ſpeed in his return. In the Afternoon the Uncle made a Viſit to the Lady, and talking Jocoſely of Marriage, made his addreſs to her, & told her, if ſhe could comply with a little diſproportion of Age, no Perſon had more Vigorous Flames, or a more paſſionate affection to her Service then himſelf, that as for his Nephew, to whom he believ'd ſhe had ſome reſpect, he was a wild Extravagant Young Man, that he who had already ruin'd his own fortune, would be unſafely truſted with anothers, and an Empire in the Cup of a Voluptuary would be aſſoon quaſt of, as that Narrow Spot left by paternal care, which his Riotous humour had already Spent, and yet not quench'd his Thirſt. The Lady was very much Surpriz'd at his diſcourſe, and told him ſhe rather expected he would have been an Advocate in his Nephews behalf, then have Furniſh'd her with ſuch powerfull Arguments of diſeſteem. The Uncle made his Attaqus ſo cloſe and quick, that ſhe began ſeriouſly to conſider of her own Circumſtances, and at laſt told him, it was a matter of ſo great Moment he could

could not reasonably expect a present Answer. After some other discourses to the same purpose the Uncle took his leave, promising to wait upon her the next day. Upon the Second visit he presented her with a Necklace of Pearl, and a Gold Watch studded with diamonds, which he beg'd of her to accept, and in the close of all told her he had a clear Estate of a Thousand pounds *per Annum* besides Mony abroad, that he would settle Six Hundred pounds a year in Joynture, and what more she pleas'd of her own fortune. The Lady thank'd him for his great Respects to her, and those Generous offers he was pleas'd to make, that was she determined, as she was yet no wayes inclin'd to Marry; She should Entertain as worthy and deserving thoughts of himself as of any other Gentleman in *England*. The Esquire, for to that Title his Character is now grown up, looking upon this last Answer to be as absolute a Surrender as would Consist with her Modesty, told her that from the first Minute he had the happiness to see her, he was struck with Love and admiration, that he designedly sent his Nephew into the Country upon an *April* Errand, that he might have the freer access to her Person, and then earnestly prest the Wedding might be over before his return.

At

At last She told him, *within two dayes He ſhould have the Reſult of her more ſerious Conſideration.*

Bellinda was now more poſ'd then ever which way to Steer, the Uncles great kindneſs to *Charilus* was but Counterfeit, but to her reall, that it was much better to ſave one, then that they both ſhould periſh, nay, this might preſerve both for upon this Marriage ſhe hop'd to be in a Condition to ſerve him; Nor was ſhe ſo much too blame who had been ruin'd by one Branch of the Family, if ſhe prudently Endeavour'd her ſafety by another, and the Uncle repair thoſe Breaches the Nephew had made, Thus ſhe ponder'd the Morning before he expected his return, and at laſt reſolv'd to Marry him, but firſt ſecure the Joynture. In the Afternoon came the Eſquire, and after a Cunning Harangue of reaſon all in his own Commendation why ſhe ſhould Marry him, ſhe declared her conſent, That as to matter of Joynture, ſhe was well ſatisfied with the ſix Hundred pounds a year at preſent, and what part of her own fortune he would put into her Hands, ſhould be as he pleaſ'd at his own time. Thus the Bargain was made, and her Lawyer who was prepar'd before Hand, ſent for and order'd to make the Joynture upon ſuch particulars and to be ready upon *Thurſday* Morning by Eight,

when

when the Joynture was Seal'd and the Eſpouſals Conſummated. *Charilus* came late to Town the ſame Night to his Uncles Lodgings, with a return of Eight Hundred pounds, and waiting his coming in till it grew late, went to Bed, in the Morning early he ask'd what time his Uncle came in, and if he was yet ſtirring. The Servant told him he did not come in all Night, nor had he ſeen or heard from him ſince he laſt went out the Morning before. *Charilus* was very much troubled at this, fearing ſome Misfortune had befallen him (which was true enough, tho' not in his Senſe) but not knowing where readily to find him, he went firſt to give *Bellinda* a Viſit, and acquaint her with the Joyfull News of the Eight Hundred pounds, when offering to go into the Bed-Chamber her Maid would have ſtopped him, which he took little Notice of, but preſt in, and ſaw ſome Body in Bed with the Lady, Upon which in the greateſt rage and fury he drew his Sword, and Swore he would be the death of that Villain who had thus abuſ'd him. The Uncle crept under the ſheet for fear expecting the Sword either in his heart or Guts at each Oath he Swore, *Bellinda* was ſtrangely Surpriz'd, and Shriek'd out for help, whilſt *Charilus* diſcharg'd whole Valleys of Oaths and Curſes on thoſe two miſerable Wretches, and violently

violently pulling down the Cloaths, discovered his own Dear Uncle in Bed with his Mistress. *Charilus* at this was no less astonished, then they affrighted, when *Bellinda* interpos'd, and desired his patience but for two words; Sir, says she, I beseech you Compose your self, and be not angry with this Gentleman or my self, for we are Man and Wife. This was so amazing a Story he did not know what to answer to it, but after a little pause, considering it as a truth, there might be a good improvement made of it, he fell into a violent passion with his Uncle, call'd him all the infamous Names he could invent, and with the point of his Sword threatned immediate Vengeance upon that false Heart, which had so basely and Treacherously supplanted him; After his passion was grown more cool, the Uncle offered terms of reconciliation, and acknowledged the hainousness of his crime in betraying that trust he had repos'd in him and Robbing him of a Mistress of so considerable a Fortune, for all which he was ready to make present Satisfaction. The terms agreed upon were these, that *Charilus* should have the Eight Hundred pounds now in his Hands, and his Uncle make over to him four Hundred pounds a year out of his Estate, and put him into immediate possession of it,

in consideration of the Injury he had done him in the loss of his Mistress, all which the Uncle perform'd that day according to the Tenor of the Articles. Within a Month after he discover'd some part of his own Errour, as to the mistake of the Fortune, but nothing farther, however they went down into *Oxfordshire* together, where in less then a Twelve-Month he dyed, and *Bellinda*'s Joynture being an Entail'd Estate came into *Charilus* his Hands, who in Memory of former kindnesses was highly Generous and Noble to her.

Here Sir, sayes Florimel, *should I conclude with my Story, but that I have something to say by way of Consolation to you* Melintus, *and therefore beg leave to carry on* Bellinda's *Character one step farther.*

This Lady Sir, after the death of her Husband came up to London, *and 'tho she had for some years of her acquaintance with* Charilus *resided here, yet was she seldom abroad, and not at all known to the Gallants of the Town, so that upon her return she pass'd for a New Face, and was generally thought to be a Maid.*

Amongst other Sparks who made search up and down for fresh Beauties, the

Mate

Matchleſs piece of Chivalry, Sir ——— was one, you all know. who was the Perſon that firſt diſcover'd that Notable way of affronting Ladies of Quality by breaking their Windowes with Crown pieces; It was his fortune to Meet with this Lady and after ſome neceſſary Treats to introduce a more familiar acquaintance, he fell Smart upon her, but all in vain, her Honour was Lodg'd in an impregnable Fortreſs; when that would not do, he betook himſelf to his laſt Remedy, Marriage; Offer'd a fair Joynture and whatever elſe ſhould be thought convenient, this at laſt was approved of, but the Knight was miſtaken in his Meaſures ſhe would yeild up no part of the premiſes till the Joynture was Seal'd, and the Marriage compleated; which, rather then loſe his longing he conſented to. A ſhort time after the Wedding, he ask'd her what reaſon ſhe imagin'd more particularly Influenced him to Love her, when ſhe could not Gueſs, he told her, it was for her ſtrict Vertue and Chaſtity, for he had made a Reſolution never to Marry any whom he could

prevail upon without it, and that is the reason that tho' I have Courted Hundreds I was never Married till now; Why look you Sir sayes she, I had that Trick put upon me once too, but I was resolv'd I would never be Catch'd Twice with the same Bait.

Now Sir, as to the application, why should you be in the Dumps and Melancholy; hide your self from your Friends, and call those Stars, you ought to Bless by all the Naughty Names you can think of, when who knows but that beloved she might have prov'd another Bellinda, and take her at the best -- but with your permission I have done Sir.

The Company all Laugh'd heartily, and Melintus could not forbear a publick Smile, I knew sayes he, we should have one Roguish Story or another, I expected it Florimel, but above all commend me to yours close, where you come off with a Relish indeed —— Parmenio, sayes Melintus, I think it now falls into your division, pray will you oblige us with a Story that may

Tempe

Temper the heat and paſſion of Florimels, *and Compoſe us to our wonted Gravity.*

NOVEL the Fifth,

By PARMENIO.

A Gentleman who had been formerly a Merchant in the City of *London*, and acquir'd a conſiderable Eſtate, withdrew into the Country, having Spent his younger years in the Noiſe and hurry of Buſineſs, reſolved now to enjoy the fruits of his Labours in quiet, and Gratifie himſelf with Solitude and Retirement; having a fair Houſe in *Hartfordſhire*, he inclined to fix there, where he was eminently hoſpitable to the Gentry, and Charitable to the poor. But that he might not be out of all concern of buſineſs in the world like an idle perſon, he ſtill kept ſome Ventures abroad, which he called the poors Stock, in which and all other his endeavours, providence bleſt his Induſtry with that conſtant ſucceſs, that he uſed familiarly

arly to say he grew Rich in spight of his Teeth, for if he shut Money out at the door, it would come in at the Window. This Gentleman at his death left only one Child a Daughter call'd *Joanna*, to whom he gave a very great Fortune, and committed the care of her Person and management of her Estate to two Gentlemen her Guardians. She was now about Eight years old when she desir'd she might (as she usually did once a year) go see her Uncle, a Gentleman of fair Reputation and good Estate in *Essex*, which they granted, and sent her over attended with two Servants. After she had been there a Month, her Uncle who was a passionate Man, catching her in some fault threatned to whip her; She farther provoking him with some Scurvy reply, he did so, at which time as she cryed out, was heard to say by some of the Neighbours, *O pray Uncle don't kill Me*, which neither he or any of the Family took much Notice of at that time. The next Morning early she stole out of the House, and after she had wander'd some Hours not knowing whether to go, met with a Company of *Gipsies* who took her up, made much of her, changing her Cloths and staining her Complexion, brought her with them in few dayes to *London*, and from thence went their Rounds into *Hampshire*, *Wiltshire*,

Wiltshire, and about the Country. The Uncle missing his Neece next day, made all possible Enquiry after her, sent to all the Neighbouring Villages, search'd all the publick Roads, but could not receive any account of her. He next sent into *Hartfordshire* to her Guardians to know if she was return'd home, but meeting with no satisfaction, concluded that some young Gentleman who knew she would be a great fortune had Stole her, and carried her far away to some distant County where she lay conceal'd. This the Guardians believed too, till some of the Neighbors at their Gossipping, were prattling what they heard others say, and began to wish seriously that it was not too true, especially when they consider'd that if the Child dyed in her Minority, the whole Estate would descend to the Uncle. This was buzz'd about till at last it reach'd the Guardians Ears, who making more particular enquiry into the truth of it, were inform'd by some of the Neighbours that the Night before the Child was missing, they heard her cry out most lamentably, *pray Uncle don't kill Me*, this they considered as an odd Circumstance to happen just the Night before, and asked the Persons who thus informed, if they could safely take their Oaths of it, and would do so before a Magistrate, who said, yes,

it was all true and nothing but the truth. After some deliberation they acquainted the Uncle what the Neighbours said, and how nearly it did touch his Reputation now, and might his Life hereafter, if his Neece was not found. He told them he was altogether innocent of any Injury done to her, nor did he remember that ever she said so, tho' he own'd he whipt her severely, which was for telling a notorious Lye, and using some other indecent expressions, which he thought she deserved to be Corrected for. Upon this all the ponds and Rivers were search'd, and a considerable reward promis'd to any Person, who could give an account of her alive or dead. No News being heard of her, the Neighbours began to Grumble and said, that the Guardians and Uncle had Complotted to Murder the Child and Share her Estate: This being now grown a publick discourse in the Country to the great disadvantage of their Reputation, who before were Esteem'd as Gentlemen of Honour and integrity; They resolved to probe the bottom of this cause, and prosecute the Uncle as far as the Law directed them. Accordingly they went over into *Essex*, and sent for him to a Gentlemans House who was his Neighbour, and a Justice of the peace: Being altogether, the Guardians complain'd

to

to the Juſtice of this report, and deſir'd him that he would take Cognizance of it as far as the Law required, that if poſſible their Reputations, and the Gentlemans might be preſerved free from ſuch an undeſerved calumny. The Juſtice ſent for the witneſſes, who Swore poſitively that on ſuch a Night, which was the immediate Night before ſhe was miſſing, they heard her cry out with a lamentable voice, *pray Uncle don't kill Me.* Upon which the Juſtice bound the Uncle in a Recognizance of two Thouſand pounds to appear at the next Aſſize, and the Guardians in a bond of five Hundred to proſecute the Uncle. In this Interval the Uncle having uſed all the probable means for a diſcovery that humane Wit could imagine, but not being able to make any, began to think what was to be done, the time of the Aſſize drew on, and then he ſhould certainly be Indicted for the Murder of *Joanna*, nor had he any way to clear his Innocence againſt ſuch Circumſtantial Evidence, but by a down-right Negation, which though ſome of his Friends might Credit, would yet take no place in a Court of Judicature. Having thus conſidered the difficulty of his Caſe, he at laſt reſolved thus. In his ſearch after *Joanna*, he had found a poor Mans Daughter in another County, who both in Age, Features,

and Complexion, so much resembled her that at first sight he thought she had been the real same, now sayes he to himself, if I can get this Girle of her Parents, and dress her up in the same habit, *Joanna* wore, the very Guardians shall not distinguish her from their own Pupil, she will appear so like the very same, nor have I any other course but this to preserve my self, he accordingly did so, and for a Sum of Money bought the Girl of her poor Relations, diligently instructed her in the part she was to act, who being of a ripe Wit and very apprehensive had her Lesson to a hair. A day or two before the Assize, he gave out he had by great fortune found his Neece, brings her home to his House with her real Father and Mother, who gave a Satisfactory account to all persons how accidently they found her in a wood almost Starv'd, and She not remembring from whence She had wandred they Entertained her amongst their own Children. The Girl own'd how she Stole away for fear her Uncle should whip her again as he threatned. all which Romance hung so well together, that the Guardians believ'd her the same. and no body question'd the truth. At the Assize he was calld to appear which accordingly he did, the Judge asked him for his Neece *Joanna* if she was found yet, *Yes, my Lord*, sayes the

the Gentleman, ſhe is in Court, *Very well*, ſayes my Lord, *produce her, and bid the Guardians appear*, accordingly they did, and the Counterfeit *Joanna*, *Are you ſatisfied*, to the Guardians ſayes the Judge, *that this is your Pupil, the Daughter of Mr.* —— *with whom you were left in truſt? Yes, my Lord*, ſaid the Guardians, After a farther account how ſhe was found the Judge order'd their Recognizance ſhould be withdrawn, and the Uncle diſcharged. It happened that an old Woman who was in Court about other buſineſs, hearing what a Buſtle had been made about her young Miſtreſs, and that ſhe was found again, as they came out of Court crowded to ſee her, and looking full upon her, believed it to be the ſame, but the Girl not taking Notice of her, She cryed out, *O Miſtreſs you don't know Me*, upon which She anſwer'd preſently, no, what ſayes She, don't you know old Nurſe? I am ſure you are not the ſame then, upon this the Girl was ſtartled, the Guardians made a ſtop and asked her how ſhe came to forget Nurſe ſo ſoon, ſhe not giveing a preſent anſwer, they began to ſuſpect ſomething and brought her again into Court and Nurſe with her.

The old Woman ſaid, *She did believe it.*

it had been the ſame at firſt, but upon review ſhe much queſtion'd it, that ſhe her ſelf had Nurſt her till ſhe was almoſt four years old, and if it was her Miſtreſs ſhe had a Scar upon her left Arm above the Elbow.

The Judge ordered they ſhould look upon her Arm, which they did, and reported there was no Scar above but one below the Elbow, upon this it was generally believ'd ſhe was the ſame, and all things ſet right again. However the Judge ſeem'd more diſatisfied then before, ordered the Uncle to withdraw, and examined the Girl, Afterwards the Man apart, who ſaid he had found her in a Wood, and then the woman, and here he found they all diſagreed in one point or other, at length by croſsing the account of the Man and Wife, and then conſidering that both the Guardians and Nurſe agreed the true *Joanna*, muſt needs have remembred her Nurſe, ſince it was not a Twelve-Month ago ſince ſhe ſaw and particularly knew her, they agreed it was yet a Cheat, which the Woman for fear of puniſhment, firſt Confeſt, and then her husband own'd it, and laſtly the Girl; They proved the Receit of ſo much Money at ſuch a time, proved by ſeveral neighbours, who had known this Girl

for

for five or six years together, that she alwayes was look'd upon and reputed as their own Child and alwayes liv'd with them. Upon this discovery an Indictment was preferr'd against the Uncle, for the Murder of his Neece *Joanna*, but he having no proof to clear himself by, and this appearing with so foul a Face against him, he was Condemn'd to be hang'd, and was within a Week after Executed. It fortuned about nine years after at the Summer Assize at *Nottingham*, two young Gentlemen who were lately call'd to the Bar, whereof the Judges Son was one, walking out early one Morning in the fields they saw a whole Covie of Gipsies under a Hedge, when they came near, two of them stept out, and in their Cant told them a great deal of good fortune by looking into their Hands, and viewing the lines of the Face as they pretend, upon which one Gentleman threw them a Shilling, the other call'd them idle Whores, and said they deserv'd to be whipt for publick Cheats, upon which one of them a tall black Girl told him, he ought not to despise a Gipsie for he should Marry one before he was Three Months older, at this the Gentlemen fell a laughing and entertain'd them with other like discourse; when they came home one of them mist his gold Watch, and another had lost all his

his Money. They began to grow angry to be thus Cheated, and getting a Conſtable very luckily, met with theſe two going off another way; They charg'd them with the Watch and Money, which they as peremptorily denyed, upon which the Conſtable brought them along into open Court which was then ſitting, upon Examination they denyed the Fact, nor could they upon ſearch find either about them. However, the Judge ordered them to be ſoundly laſh'd for Vagrants, and ſent out of Town, as the Conſtable was taking them away, the Gentleman who was the Judges Son, call'd out locoſely to the Conſtable, pray favour the black-woman, for ſhe tells me, I ſhall Marry a Gipſie within theſe three Months; which his Father overhearing call'd them back again, and ask'd them

How long they had pretended to telling of Fortunes, I had thought, ſayes the Judge, *all your Trade had been Picking of Pockets*; *No*, and pleaſe you my Lord ſayes the black-Woman, *my profeſſion is only telling of Fortunes, I never underſtood nor practiſed ſuch unlawfull Arts*, at which the Court laugh'd -- My Lord then

ask'd

ask'd (ſeeing her a good favour'd young Woman, and ſo quick in her Anſwers) *what Country Woman ſhe was*, to which ſhe ſaid, *ſhe thought* Hartfordſhire. Then he askt, *if ſhe was born a Gipſy*; She ſaid *No, but She was as good, for She had been Nine years Apprentice to a Gipſy.* At which he ask'd her, *if ſhe had e're a Chriſtian Name, yes, my Lord*, ſayes ſhe, *I think ſo, for my Name is* Joanna, the Judge hearing the Name *Joanna* recollected himſelf, and remembred the Story of the *Eſſex* Gentleman, who was by him Condemn'd for Murdering his Neece of that Name. He then asked her, *if ſhe had ever been in* Eſſex, *or had any Relations there*; She ſaid, *not ſince ſhe was very Young, which was at the time ſhe met with the Gipſys firſt, and then She had an Uncle there, who uſed her very hardly, and ſo ſhe ran away from him, and was never there ſince, nor never Enquired after him.* Upon this he concluded her to be the ſame Perſon, and call'd to the Conſtable

ſtable and told him, he ſhould not let them be whipt, but carry them home to his own Houſe and Entertain them there, till the Court was up, and then he ſhould receive farther Orders. The whole Court at this began to Wonder, and believe one or both of them to be Gentlewomen of good Families, nor did they ſpare telling the young Gentleman *that for ought they knew it might be his Fortune indeed to Marry a Gipſy, if this Young Woman ſhould prove to be a Perſon of Quality and Eſtate*, which fell out even ſo, for the Aſſizes being over, the Judge who had a Seat in *Hartfordſhire*, and had known her Father formerly, brought her up in his Coach, and preſented her to the Guardians who own'd her to be the ſame Perſon, which the Nurſe and all her Surviving Relations Confirm'd. At the ſame time his Lordſhip, who knew her to be a very great Fortune, propoſ'd a Match between his Son and her which ſhe Franckly conſented to, and

and was presently after Solemniz'd.

Thus ended *Parmenio* when the whole Company Bow'd their respects, and were all extreamly pleas'd with the fortune of the Gipsy, *But Sir*, sayes Melintus, *I could have wish'd you had carried a lighter Hand over the hard fate of the Uncle, whom I pity with all my Heart. Sir*, sayes Parmenio, *I could have wish'd it had not been true, but as it is so under unquestionable Evidence, I durst not give my Hand the Liberty of one Sweetning Stroke.*

Now, Madam, sayes Melintus *to* Evadne, *we must beg the next favour from your fair Hands, No Sir*, said she, *your power with me alwayes Commands.*

NOVEL the Sixth

By EVADNE,

Crithia the Beauty of her Sex and Glory of her Age, was the Daughter of an Engliſh Earl, of an Antient Family, whoſe Noble Acts in Chivalry ſtands firſt upon Record in our moſt early Hiſtories, Her great Wit and Excellent Sweetneſs of Temper obliged all who had the Honour of her Acquaintance, which every Gentleman both Courted, and admir'd. And if amongſt thoſe Thouſands who were ready to Sacrifice their bleeding hearts to the fair *Orithia*, any was thought to have a more particular intereſt in her Favour, it was the Lovely *Philanthus*, who was only able

able to make a Repriſall of Hearts amongſt the Ladies, for thoſe *Orithia* Captivated from the Men. *Philanthus* his Family was ſomewhat inferiour, but much more Opulent, he being the Eldeſt Branch of it, who for the great Service of his Father, (who loſt his Life in the Wars againſt the *French*) had the Honour of Knight-hood Confer'd upon him, whilſt yet a School-boy, by his Gracious Prince. The Aſſiduous Addreſs of *Philanthus*, his kind Reception, and more intimate familiarity oblig'd us all to believe he would be that happy Conquerour, who ſhould carry off this Noble prize from the Reſt of the deſpairing world. But amongſt thoſe Stars which influence the great affairs of Love, ſome are kind and propitious, whilſt others infect their good intents by their poyſonous Neighbourhood, ſome ſuch unhappy Conjunction there was which ſuddenly blaſted *Philanthus* his blooming hopes, rob'd him of all his Glorious

Glorious Expectations and left him the Pity or the Scorn of his Rivals.

The *Count de Montallo* who was Ambaſſadour from the Duke of *Savoy*, at the Engliſh Court, being ſhortly to return, and having often admired the Beautifull *Orithia*, as the moſt lovely Creature his Eyes yet beheld, made his private Addreſſes to her, and without the knowledge or Conſent of her Relations was Married to her.

My Lord, her Father, and all her Friends were extreamly concern'd at it: there not being any but who gave *Philanthus* the Encouragement to hope he ſhould be that happy Perſon, nor had he any reaſon to queſtion *Orithia's* Favour, till the Count made his applications, and then the Ambition of being ſo great a Counteſs ſoon prevail'd over the more eaſy powers of Love. Within four days after, *Orithia* went along with the Count her Husband for *Savoy*, without ſeeing or taking leave of any of her

Friends

Friends or Relations. This ſudden Marriage with the Count had at firſt extreamly incenſed my Lord her Father, but conſidering ſhe had Honourably diſpoſed her ſelf, without the Charge of a weighty portion, which his Circumſtances could not ſo conveniently ſpare, he now called that prudence and diſcretion, which before he thought a raſh and inconſiderable Action. After her Arrival at *Savoy*, for three years ſhe liv'd as happy & as great as heart could wiſh, the Count her Husband lov'd her above all the World, and his Eſtate, which was very conſiderable, was abſolutely at her Command. No Empreſs, tho' ſhe might have more large Dominions, was better belov'd, or more willingly obeyed then ſhe was. It happened that the Duke of *Savoy* making Wars upon ſome of the Neighbouring Princes appointed the *Count de Montallo* General of his Army, which was an Honour he could not refuſe, though with ſome regret

regret he parted from the Arms of his beloved *Orithia*. That he might leave the affairs of his Family under the better Government, he appointed three of his Friends as Commissioners to take an account of his Rents, assist the Countess upon all occasion with their Advice, and manage all his business to his greatest advantage and reputation. To these he added one more, who was the honest *Sabrino* as he used to call him, a Gentleman of some Relation to the Count, but his intimate Friend and Confident. The Duke being now with his Army, and not expected back till a peace was concluded, which was yet but uncertainly discours'd; *Sabrino*, who had the largest Commission of any of the rest, and much more respected, considered that this was the only opportunity his heart could wish for, to compleat those desires he had so long languished under. Accordingly one day coming up to the Countess, as if upon some

ſome Urgent buſineſs, he found her alone in her Cloſet, where without any regard to the Honour of the Count, the Vertue of the Lady, which he had no reaſon to ſuſpect, or to the Modeſty and good manners in himſelf, of which he ought to have had ſome ſhare, he diſcover'd his unlawfull paſſion, which ſhe received with that abhorrence and deteſtation that he was well aſſured he was now undone for ever, if he did not preſerve himſelf by being the firſt Accuſer, tho' he had nothing to Charge the ſpotleſs *Orithia* with, but what was falſe as Hell or Devils could invent. However envenom'd malice will want neither Inſtruments or Methods to perfect its Revenge; tho' what wrong had *Sabrino* received? He firſt gives the affront, and then demands Satisfaction, and firſt Tempts the Lady with his laſcivious addreſs, then calls himſelf injur'd, ſo great a Crime is it to be good and Vertuous in the proſpect of thoſe who

are wicked and debauch'd. *Sabrino*, that he might loſe no opportunity, ſent preſently to the three Commiſſioners to meet him at his own Chamber, where he told them,

He had a ſecret of that importance to communicate to them and of that ſtrange Surprize, that he wanted words to expreſs the preſent Horrour of his thoughts; I have for ſometime ſuſpected, and I wiſh I cou'd ſay I did yet but ſuſpect, Oh ſhall I ſpeak it! The Fidelity and Chaſtity of the Counteſs-- upon which one of them told him, Sir, I will as ſoon beleive, the Glorious Cherubins may be tainted in their pure Angelic Natures, as that any Temptation of diſhoneſty hath or ever ſhall aſſoil the Vertue of that immaculate Lady. *Oh Sir*, ſayes Sabrino, *be not too forward I once thought ſo too, but I am afraid I ſhall be able to convince you ſooner then you or I could wiſh for. In the Interim pray make your own Obſervations, and let this paſs no farther.*

Sabrino

Sabrino had a Nephew a proper young Gentleman, who had been Page to the *Count* in *England*, and ſince his return, was prefer'd to be Gentleman Uſher to the Counteſs; This Gentleman he ſent for privately to his Chamber, and told him he underſtood what a particular kindneſs the Counteſs had for him, and that now was the time for him to make his fortunes in the abſence of his Lord The young Gentleman told him, he did not underſtand his meaning, O Nephew ſaid he, are you ſo ſhort ſighted, why the Counteſs is in love with you above all the World, and wants nothing but an opportunity, to compleat yours and her own happineſs in Bed, which I have promiſed her this Night. Wherefore you muſt in the Evening pretend to go Sick to Bed, and then undreſs to your Gown, and Steal into the Counteſs's Chamber, and lye under the Bed, till ſhe gives you Notice to come forth, but be ſure no Body ſees you enter her

Chamber, if they do, make ſome excuſe and go out again and ſo wait till you have an opportunity, pray Uncle, ſayes the young Gentleman, did the Counteſs her ſelf bid you tell me thus? I, I, She her ſelf bid me, and ſaid, that very ſuddenly ſhe would make you Gentleman of the Horſe. The innocent Gentleman diſcovered not the Snares his Uncle had laid for him but in the Evening accordingly did ſo, after *Sabrino* had been at his Chamber and found him not there nor about the Houſe, he concluded he was then ſafely Lodg'd under the Bed; and a little before the Counteſs went to her Chamber, ſent for the Commiſſioners, and told them, *he was inform'd that the Counteſs's Gallant was to be with her that Night, but who he was that he could not tell.* *Sabrino* and the reſt concluded to pretend ſome extraordinary buſineſs, to be diſpatched that Night and to deſire to ſpeak with her as ſoon as her Women had left her, and then if there was any

Gallant

Gallant, they ſhould certainly diſcover him, if not give the Counteſs no reaſon to ſuſpect their deſign. Accordingly they did ſo, and coming ſoftly up ſtairs knock'd at her Chamber door, an old Gentlewoman who had formerly been her Nurſe, lay in the Chamber with her, and was going into Bed, when ſhe heard ſome Body knock at the Chamber door, She asked who was there? And their buſineſs, to which one of them anſwered, we are the Commiſſioners and want to ſpeak one word with her Honour upon Urgent buſineſs, which was forgot before, and muſt be diſpatched this Night. She acquainted the Counteſs with what they ſaid, who ordered her to let them in. As they were by her Bed-ſide diſcourſing with her, *Sabrino* cryes out, *I, here he is, here's the Rogue, and pulls his Nephew by the heels from under the Bed, and calling him Rogue, Villain and Traytor to abuſe ſo good a Lord*, ſtruck him through the heart with his Sword,

before he could ſpeak one word to Vindicate himſelf or his Ladies Honour. It was now in vain for the Counteſs to Endeavour to purge her ſelf from a Crime which appeared againſt her by ſo Notorious an Evidence, tho' ſhe did in the preſence of ſeveral Worthy perſons take the Sacrament upon it, that as ſhe never had been Guilty againſt her Huſbands Bed, ſo ſhe knew nothing of that Perſons being there; that it was all the malicious Contrivance of *Sabrino* (whoſe unlawful deſires ſhe had refuſed with Scorn and contempt) that had now plotted this Revenge to Rób her of her life and Honour at the ſame time. This ſome believ'd, who thought the Counteſs to be as uncorrupt as Vertue it ſelf. But others ſaid here's plain demonſtration againſt her, and ſhe who dares commit Adultery, will not ſtick to a lye to defend her Guilt. The Commiſſioners writ a Letter to the Count to acquaint him with this unhappy News, in

which

which they gave a moſt particular account, and in the Cloſe highly Commended the Fidelity and Juſtice of *Sabrino*, who ſeeing his Honour abuſed, would not ſpare his neareſt Relation. The Count was aſtoniſhed at the News above any Misfortune that could have happened, and notwithſtanding this demonſtration, as they call'd it in their Letter, he put a greater Confidence in the Juſtice and integrity of the Counteſs, then in all their Solemn proteſtations. And as he ſent them word

He was extreamly troubled for the Counteſs that ſhe ſhould lye under ſo heavy an Aſperſion, which if he did not believe the World would, and therefore with prayers for her deliverance (if Innocent) did reſign her up to the Law, ſo he ſhould have been much better Satisfied in the Guilt of his Wife, if Sabrino *had ſpar'd his Kinſmans Life, in that Tranſport of rage in which he kill'd him.*

Upon the Receipt of this Letter th Commiſſioners,

Commiſſioners, (as the Cuſtom is there) diſpoſed the Counteſs into a Nunnery, where She is to continue a year and a day, and if in that time no Champion appears to juſtifie her Innocence againſt her Accuſer, She is upon the laſt day brought into the Liſt appointed for the Combatants (if there be any) and there burnt at a Stake, which death ſhe Legally ſuffers if her Champion has the worſt of it. The Counteſs was highly ſenſible of this as the greateſt affliction that ever befell her, yet her own Innocence, and the Satisfaction that aroſe from thence made the diſtreſs much more eaſy and ſupportable. The Count was ſtill Engag'd in the Wars, and the Counteſs had now been three quarters of a year a Priſoner in the Nunnery, and no Perſon appear'd in her behalf to Vindicate her Honour and Virtue. She now conſidered that the ſmall remainder of her Life would ſoon be gone, and unleſs ſome Centleman would Entertain ſuch Honourable

nourable thoughts of her, as to believe her Guiltleſs, and Engage his Life to preſerve hers, ſhe muſt certainly ſuffer, and as no Perſon had yet offer'd himſelf, ſo was ſhe altogether at a loſs where to find that Gallant Friend. At laſt amongſt other Engliſh Gentlemen who had been formerly her Friends and Acquaintance, She fixt upon *Philanthus*, but at the ſame time Corrected her Errour in thinking that he who believed himſelf the moſt diſobliged of all Mankind, ſhould now hazard his Life to Vindicate her Reputation, No, certainly he would be pleaſ'd to hear of her Miſeries and rejoyce to ſee her proud heart now humbled under the deepeſt afflictions, but on the other Hand conſidering him as a Gentleman, a Perſon of unqueſtionable Courage and Gallantry, and one whoſe former affections were moſt ſincerely devoted to her Service, he would rather Court ſuch an opportunity to lay an everlaſting obligation on her

which all her Treaſury of thanks and Gratitude ſhould be too poor to recompence. And this took place in her reſolution; Accordingly She writ a Letter to *Philanthus* and ſent it by a Gentleman who had been formerly her Servant, with orders where to find or Enquire for him at *London*, and to deliver him that Letter, receive his Anſwer and return with all ſpeed. *Philanthus* who had ſtill the ſame reſpect and love for *Orithia* as would conſiſt with Honour, having read the Letter, was extreamly troubled at it, but at the ſame time being Ruin'd himſelf in his Fortunes, his mind ſunk under the load of miſeries which oppreſt him, writ back a moſt paſſionate Letter of excuſe, with which ſhe was no leſs affected as well for his as her own ſake. *Orithia* Spent her ſhort time (which now wanted but a week of the fatal day) in recommending her Soul to Heaven, wholly deſpairing of any relief on Earth. *Philanthus* having

ſince

ſince ſeriouſly conſidered the preſent diſtreſs of the Counteſs, and that ſhe muſt for ever ſuffer in her Memory, which to all Noble Spirits is Ten times worſe then a Thouſand deaths, and that though in his excuſe to her he had not put his own intereſt or buſineſs into the Scale to ballance againſt her Life and Honour; But that ſtrange and unexpected diſaſters had reduced him to that mean degree of want that he was not able to Equip himſelf for the Service; Yet this from a Generous Spirit was mean and pitifull, that however his Friends would not aſſiſt him here, he could want nothing there of Horſe or Arms a *Cavalier* could ask. After he had ponder'd a while on this thought he went to a Gentleman of his intimate acquaintance, ſhow'd him the Letter, and beg'd of him to furniſh him with Moneys for that deſign which he did, and *Philanthus* a ſhort time after went privately over to *Savoy*. Being arrived

at

at *Turenne* he Enquired at what Nunnery the Counteſs *de Montallo* was, and what the general opinion were concerning her Guilt or Innocence; Underſtanding the Nunnery was Thirty Miles from *Turenne*, and that all Perſons ſpoke well of her & did believe her falſely accuſed, he went directly thither Being come within Four Miles of the Nunnery, by the ſide of a great Wood, he ſpyed a Hermits Cell, at which alighting, he ask'd of the Holy Father, *what the diſcourſe was about the Counteſs*, he told him *that in a fair Plain before the Nunnery, She was to ſuffer to Morrow Morning before Eleven of the Clock, if there was no Perſon found ſo hardy to fight her Accuſer, nor did he yet hear of any Champion who had appear'd in her behalf.* Upon which he told him, *he had a very great deſire to ſee her before ſhe ſuffer'd, but he ſuppos'd it would be very difficult to obtain that Favour unleſs he had on a Religious habit, and if he would do him that kindneſs to lend him his*

Weed

Weeds, he would walk over that Afternoon and return in the Evening, and leave his Horſe and Armour there till he came back, the Hermit very readily agreed to it, then *Philanthus* who ſpoke *Italian* well, put on his Weeds, and in all Reſpects appear'd to be a grave Religious Hermit, having a long Beard and all things anſwerable, He was now Arriv'd at the Nunnery, and out of Reſpect to his habit (for Hermits are there had in great Veneration) was immediately conducted into the Counteſſes Chamber, where entring, thoſe Nunns who were attending upon her withdrew, that ſhe might have the more freedom of diſcourſe with this Religious Father. He ſtayed with her three Hours, and was as well ſatisfi'd of her Innocency and *Sabrino's* Roguery as his heart could wiſh. Asking her, *if ſhe had no hopes of any Friend to appear in the Liſts to Morrow on her behalf,* She ſaid, *No, She never ſent but to One Engliſh Gentleman, and his Mis-*

fortunes

fortunes happen'd at the ſame time to be almoſt as great as her own. When he took his leave of the Counteſs, ſhe pull'd off a Diamond Ring from her Finger, and told him, *Holy Father, I am oblig'd to you above what I am able to Expreſs for your Prayers, and good Advice, I have nothing of Worldly Goods left Me to diſpoſe of but this Ring, which was given Me by my Brother in* England, *a little before I Married into this Country, I pray accept it, and keep it for my ſake.* The Hermit receiv'd it with all Thankfulneſs, and taking his leave, burſt out into tears to ſee ſo great a Beauty reduc'd to thoſe thin meagre looks, and that Vertue of which ſhe had ſo large a portion ſhould be Triumph'd over by wickedneſs and Villainy. At parting the Counteſs ſhook him by the Hand and chearfully bid him not weep, this was the laſt day ſhe could be miſerable. *Philanthus* return'd to the Cell where he again put on his own Habit, and told the Hermit what he thought of

the

the Innocency of the Counteſs. The next Morning at Nine of the Clock the Counteſs all in white, was brought from the Nunnery into a fair adjacent plain, in the middle of which was ſixt a Stake, with a great deal of dryed Wood and other Combuſtible Matter. On a large Scaffold on one ſide was a Chair plac'd for the Counteſs, and at the other end a Tribunal Erected for thoſe who were appointed to ſee the Execution perform'd, and if there ſhould happen to be any Combatants, to determine any matter of difference that ſhould ariſe. The Judges being Seated on the Tribunal and the Counteſs in the Chair, Proclamation was made, *that if any Perſon would Venture to Wage War in defence of the Counteſs* de Montallo's *Innocency*, Seignior Sabrino the Accuſer *was ready to Anſwer him at ſingle Combat*. Before this Proclamation was made, all the Drums, Trumpets, Clarions and Inſtruments of field Muſick firſt ſounded, & then the principal

of

of the Judges gave order for the first Proclamation, and so for the Second, when being ready to give the last Summons, at a distance appear'd a Champion who by the waving of his Sword, gave Notice what he intended, he was Mounted on a Milk white Courser in black Mourning Armour, his Beaver fast lock't down, his Device, the Sun Shining gloriously from a Cloud upon distressed Innocence, which was a Virgin habited all in white. As soon as this strange Champion was Enter'd the Lists, a Herald demanded of him *who he was that came thus Arm'd?* he told him, *he came to lose his Life or Vindicate the Honour of the Countess of* Montallo, *who was unjustly accus'd by a Rogue a Lyar and a Vilain; and that he would prove him to be.* Upon this the Herald demanded of the Countess, *if she was willing to Venture her Life and Honour upon the Success of her Champion*, to which she answer'd, *yes, I pray God prosper him.* Immediately after upon the Sound

Sound of the Trumpets, the two Warriours ſet Spurrs to their Horſes, and in the firſt Career, the Ladies Champion had the worſt, and loſt one of his Stirrups, when recovering himſelf he redoubled that diſadvantage upon his Enemy, having broke their Spears they fell to their Swords, when *Philanthus* lent him ſuch a blow on the Helmet, that one half of it fell down upon his Shoulders upon which followed whole ſtreams of Blood; At this the whole Cirque which conſiſted of Thouſands of Spectators gave a loud Shout, *Sabrino* being Cut deep into the Scull, and having loſt a great quantity of Blood in the middle of the next Courſe fell headlong from his Horſe. *Philanthus* lept readily down and putting the point of his Sword to his Throat, bid him *ask his Life, 'tis to late*, ſayes Sabrino, *But I'le clear my Soul from all filthy Sin before I dye*, Upon which a Confeſſor was call'd, to whom *he publickly Confeſt his unjuſt Accuſation*

of

of the Counteſs, and the reaſon that put him upon ſuch a Bloody Revenge, ſo long as he had Breath he call'd often upon her to forgive him, which was not long, for his Wound was paſt Cure, and in leſs then half an Hour he dyed. I ſhall forbear to mention the loud ſhouts and acclamations of the people, for the Counteſſes deliverance, and that her Innocency was clear'd in the Face of the whole World; In the midſt of all this Joy and Triumph, *Philanthus* ſtole privately away without being known by any Perſon who he was, and came over to *England*, where he never diſcover'd the leaſt Syllable of what he had done to any of her own Relations.

The Counteſs was now led back in Triumph, and Complemented with the Viſits of all Perſons of Quality, and Congratulations of all her Friends, when every one Enquir'd of her, this Gentlemans Name and Country who was her Champion, *She told them*, at the place of death ſhe expected

none, nor knew of any, that as he came from Heaven for ought She knew he was return'd thither again, for notwithstanding the strictest Enquiry She could make, she heard no account of him. *A Courier was immediately dispatch'd with Letters to give the Count a Relation of this great News, who was so extreamly Transported with it, that being but lately recovered from a dangerous Feaver, it threw him into a Relapse of which within few dayes he dyed. But before his death, in his Cooler fits he order'd his Secretary to write a most kind and passionate Letter to the Countess to rejoyce with her for her Miraculous preservation, which afterwards she receiv'd, he made his Will and left her all his whole Estate for Life, besides Jewels Plate and Money to a very great Value. Soon after his death she parted with all the Land to the next Heyr, for a Valuable consideration in Money, and return'd to* England *after She had been five years and three Months absent.* Philauthus *went as other*

Gentlemen

Gentlemen and Ladies did to give their Service and Welcom to Orithia, *and For-tun'd to find her in the Dining Room all alone, who receiv'd him with all Reſpects, but upon diſcourſe of the Letters extreamly blam'd his unkindneſs and degenerous Spirit, that could value any thing to the World above the Honour and Life of a Lady for whom once he had ſome regard.* Philanthus *endeavor'd to Excuſe himſelf from the great neceſſity and diſtreſs he was then under, that tho' when her Ladyſhip left* England *he was Maſter of a fair Eſtate, yet ſince by ſome extraordinary Loſſes he had receiv'd, and Charges in Law-Suits he was at this preſent reduc'd to down-Right poverty and want. She told him ſhe was heartily ſorry for it, but that Fate and Chance ran through the whole World. Company coming in, Dinner was plac'd upon the Table, and when it was almoſt over,* Philanthus *put on the Ring and preſented his Service to the Counteſs in a Glaſs of Wine, She preſently ſaw the Ring and*

chang'd

chang'd Colour, which was taken Notice of by my Lord her Brother and all the Company, who ask'd if ſhe was not well, at that ſhe bluſh'd again and ſaid, yes my Lord indifferent, however they perceiv'd ſome ſudden alteration which they could not Gueſs the reaſon of. After Dinner was done ſhe ſtept to *Philanthus*, and taking him on one ſide deſir'd to know from whence he had that Ring. Madam, ſayes he I had it from a Lady for whoſe ſake I will never part with it. Sir ſaid ſhe, I preſume I know it, yes Madam you do ſo and gave it to a Hermit on the Evening before you was to ſuffer. I, Madam, was that Hermit and next day your Champion. *Upon which the Counteſs gave the whole Relation of it to the Company, and promiſed* Philanthus *in Gratitude to him, ſhe would make him Maſter of her ſelf and all her Fortune next Morning, which was accordingly done, and the Marriage Celebrated with all pomp and Solemnity.*

As

As Evadne *had concluded her Story, in came Count* Melintus *his Uncle, and ſome other Perſons of Honour from Court to give him a Viſit, upon which the Company broke up;* Melintus *paying his more particular Thanks to* Evadne *for her moſt pleaſant and Divertive Story, which was Seconded by all the Gentlemen and Ladies; And as they took leave,* Melintus *told* Philotas *&* Theodoſia, *they ſtood in arrears which he did not queſtion but they would diſcharge to the great Satisfaction of the Company at their next Meeting.*

FINIS.

ERRATA

In the Preface to the Reader, *Page* 1 *line* 1[illegible] read *poignant* for *polynant*; in the Book, p. 18 *l.* 12. r. *walk't* for *wak't*, p. 37 *l. ult.* r. *Gentlemen* for *Gentlemin*, p. 44 *l*, 13 r. *wandring* for *andring* p. 84 *l.* 3. *Quare* for *Quare*.

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